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CHRISTABELLE;

OR,

ANGEL-FOOTSTEPS.

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BY

MRS. ROBERT CARTWRIGHT,

AUTHOR OF "LAMIA, A CONFESSION."

"Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou lead'st me! and to the hand of Heaven submit,
However chast'ning, to the evil turn
My obvious breast; arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest by labour won,
If so I may attain."

PARADISE LOST, BOOK XI.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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MDCCCLII.

CHRISTABELLE.

CHAPTER I.

Thro' Nature's wreck, thro' vanquish'd agonies,
 (Like the stars struggling thro' this midnight gloom,)
 What gleams of joy? what more than human peace?
 Where the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
 No, not in death the mortal to be found.
 His conduct is a legacy for all,
 Richer than Mammon's for his single heir.
 His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
 With unreluctant grandeur gives, not yields,
 His soul sublime, and closes with his fate.

* * * * *

As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow,
 Detains the sun, illustrious, from its height,
 While rising vapours and descending shades,
 With damps and darkness drown the spacious vale,
 Undamp'd by doubt, undarken'd by despair,
 Philander thus augustly rears his head,
 At that black hour which gen'ral horror sheds
 On the low level of th' inglorious throng:
 Sweet peace, and heav'nly hope, and humble joy,
 Divinely beam on his exalted soul;
 Destruction gilds and crowns him for the skies,
 With incommunicable lustre bright.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS, Book ii.

“FROM that evening, which was enough to waken me to my grandfather's true situation, I omitted no opportunity of being as much as possible with him. I frequently brought in

Ianthe with me, thinking it might tend to give a more serious turn to her mind, as she was not less attached to our grandfather than any of us. Mrs. Murray came and went when she liked.

“ My mind had been lately so much harassed, that the shock which my foresight of my grandfather’s approaching end had given me, being once mastered, the quiet attendance in the sick-room, rather allowed me to gather strength than otherwise. I flattered myself I was useful, that I alleviated some of the weariness of an exhausted spirit, and that I could, with Ianthe’s help, in some degree cheer our beloved parent’s spirits. He generally dozed, but now and then spoke, with perfect clearness, to me on a few topics: variety soon fatigued him. I took care to speak of nothing that could in any degree disturb, or agitate him; and listened with untired pleasure to the few subjects of his discourse, however often repeated. He frequently called me Cornelia, but never forgot or confused me with my mother. At first, he seemed to suffer little; but one day, the eighth after the night I was first called to him, he had a fit of shivering, and complained of pain all day, which, however,

seemed to go off towards evening. He was then able to be lifted into his accustomed great chair, and desired to be wheeled to the window, which was open, the weather being fine and warm.

“ It was, in truth, a calm and lovely summer's evening. The sun was setting gloriously, the sky azure and serene, the few clouds that hovered round that ball of eternal fire, becoming every instant more resplendent than before. Their grave and melancholy gray, which I had remarked in the afternoon, was now radiant with purple and gold, and those which I had a few moments before, in my ignorance, thought specks in the beauty of the Heavens, were now miraculously transformed into its greatest beauties. Now red, now orange-coloured light appeared successively, as the great and only visible source of universal good, to this our world, approached his final, no, temporary extinction. The scene was as of the greatness of God, the colours were the hues of Heaven.

“ I seated myself as usual on my low stool by his arm-chair. He said ‘ How well I feel! thanks to God: I shall not depart but in peace. I have that which I feared would desert me;

the strength to feel whither I am going, and time, minutes, to think upon it. Is it not a fine evening, dear? I feel as if it was: it is my last.'

"I made an effort to take no notice of his sad words, but described the radiant splendour of the sunset, which was not yet over, in the same terms I have written above.

" 'And is there not some small, humble attendant planet that follows at a long distance the glorious path of the setting sun? perhaps too insignificant to be perceived in the brilliancy of his light? that light that I see, yes, I see it, which is the beacon that points out to me, the lowly satellite, the way that I must go. There all we know of bliss awaits us if we be found worthy, not through our own merits, but those of our Redeemer. There do I hope and trust to find your dear mother, whose whole heart, like yours, Chrissy, was so earnest to attain to God.'

"He seemed worn out by his feelings, but sank in his chair with such a placid expression of pleasure in his countenance, that I could not yet feel alarmed; besides, the sunset (though he saw it not, unless in inward vision) was a favourite theme with him, and I was not astonished at his deep perception of its beauties.

It was, indeed, a sunset emblematic of his own peaceful and happy decline, and, as such, it made a profound impression on me. It instantaneously recalled my grandfather's fondness for the analogy between the natural wonders of the creation, and the inward workings of Providence, in the moral constitution of man.

"We were alone. The sun had set. My grandfather once feebly opened his mouth and sighed. He whispered, 'Kind friends, thank you . . I am happy.' I was not alarmed, as he often of late spoke in broken sentences from weakness. But at length a long silence ensued. He sighed again, placed his hand gently on my head, which was on a level with the arm of his chair. A still longer silence followed.

"He had passed away! silently and without a struggle! Beloved grandfather! my heart is full, but I have not words to express what I feel towards thee! . . . now

* * * * *

"I resume my journal after a considerable interval. I would now willingly give it up altogether—home is so changed to me, and

when home is changed every thing seems changed. But this is a feeling that I know it is my duty to bear up against; there may be yet much for me to do in this world.

“With a heavy heart, I look back to the last solemn rites paid to the memory of that best, kindest of parents, whose loss I only now begin to feel as I ought to feel it. I was astonished at my own heart, and am almost convinced that it is less under one’s own guidance, or influence rather, than we are generally taught. This may be a dangerous doctrine, and I should be sorry Ianthe took it up; but in the scrutiny of one’s own private, most private feelings, it is urgent to analyze every doubtful proposition that wandering imagination may suggest. I was grieved, and most deeply so, to find myself so little outwardly affected, in comparison with my inward affliction, at my dear grandfather’s death. I accused myself bitterly of ingratitude and hardness of heart, while I was listening to business and attending to details with a composure that must have made me appear unfeeling in the eyes of strangers.

“It was soon explained. On the day before the funeral, my father came down, and, at the first sight of one who was now the representa-

tive of him whom we had lost, I was quite overcome. My dry eyes gushed out with tears, and I was seized with a fit of trembling which ended in hysterics.

“Before night, I was carried to bed in a state of fever, which utterly precluded my attendance at the sad ceremony of the next day. That being so, my father left Ianthé to nurse me, and was himself chief and only ostensible mourner. But how many were there who mourned in heart for that excellent old man!

“The funeral, by his desire, was plain: private it could not be made, for the whole neighbourhood, and many from far, hastened to accompany his remains to the grave. The clergy had looked up to him as a pious and sincere, not an interested or political, supporter of the church, and of every good work in his county; the farmers, as a good landlord, and an intelligent and liberal encourager of improvements; the manufacturers, as an unprejudiced and well-informed neighbour, entering with zeal into the development of their mechanical or mining pursuits, even when he had no interest in them; the purely scientific and literary world had lost in him a munificent protector, and an occasional contributor to their

pursuits. Some of each of these classes voluntarily attended the funeral, of which I was not aware till it was all over. Mayer and Madame Mayer were there, and Dr. M'Leod, whom alone of all our friends I saw, for I wanted his advice. Ianthe, who had been far more violently affected than myself at first, quickly recovered her usual state of mind; while I, who can now scarce refrain from yielding to the impulse of grief, saw him, my most revered relation on earth after my own father, depart this life almost without a tear. It still seems inexplicable, if it be not that the long expectation of a certain event so blunts the perceptions, not the feelings of the heart, that the sense of surprise is gone: the event has happened as it must happen, and the ceasing to live appears, as it were, the last act of life.

"But then the revulsion, the certainty when it came in full force, when the loss of such a kind friend was felt even more than the blow, then indeed I learnt what it was to part for ever, as far as this life is concerned, with the good, the pious, and the just. I now seemed my own mistress far more than I wished to be; I had lost my truest and best friend, and counsellor. I could only pray that I might

not depart from his lessons, or allow his example to be forgotten.

“The full worth of my grandfather’s character was hardly known to me, till I found the manner in which he was universally regretted. I had known him only in his age, and but little before his affliction of blindness: consequently, I had seen him but on few occasions, surrounded with any larger company than our own family and neighbours. I knew not how he was looked up to, and how completely during the active part of his life he, and my mother as long as she lived at home, had gained the suffrages of all who knew them.

“One there was who might have been expected to be present, but he was wanting. Nicholas was not there. No reason was given. It was all over long before I was well enough to hear any particulars; and, though I heard that his absence was not unmarked, I made no observation on it. Ianthe, who, during all those dark days, was loving and kind to me, appeared to expect him; for one of the last things I heard her say before my feverish attack carried me to my bed was, that his apartment had been prepared for him. She seemed much depressed, too, afterwards on some

person's alluding to his non-appearance on the melancholy occasion.

Before I was quite recovered, my father came into my room one morning, and pressed me with earnestness beyond his usual manner, to make an effort to appear in the business-room, as it was necessary that I, as heiress, should hear the reading of the will. The very proposal made me shudder. I said—

“ ‘I will come if you desire it, papa. But one thing I cannot do, I cannot go into the study—where I last sat’—I could not proceed.

“ ‘You shall not, my dear,’ said he; ‘I have thought of that. I cannot, myself, see the traces of your grandfather, as I do every where throughout the house, without many a deep-felt pang. But come, I have had the steward's, that is, the agent's room of business, which you scarcely know, next the private park door, prepared on purpose.’

“ ‘Thank you, dearest father,’ I said, and, leaning on his arm, I went with him to the scene I so much dreaded. I was resolved to go firmly through every duty that might be required of me, however irksome or painful to my feelings, knowing that the interests of many must be bound up with mine in any transaction

which related to the estate under present circumstances. My heart beat with violence as I traversed the corridor, and, as I passed every well-known door in it, and went through the length of the house till we arrived at the so-called business-room.

“The room was not one that I had often been in, and, therefore, recalled no painful remembrances. I found there the agent of the estate, whom I knew, and a lawyer who had accompanied my father from London, and whose name I had heard occasionally mentioned. He was the family solicitor.

“A few other persons were present. I recognised among them Edmund Gray, who I found had been joined as executor to the will with my father. His position as clergyman of our parish, and as son of Mr. Lovel’s old friend—a good man of business, young, active, and well acquainted with the property and its interests, made him, of all others, the person best calculated to be of use to my father, under present circumstances. He was, as I found afterwards, entitled to a handsome legacy.

“All were in deep mourning. I entered the room with my father, who placed me between

himself and Mr. Gray. Those assembled were talking in a sort of constrained whisper when we came in; but a dead silence ensued on my appearance. My countenance, I am sure, my deep weeds, and trembling footsteps, must have excited their compassion. All bowed to me. Mr. Gray alone ventured to press my hand. Words were not required.

“My father broke the seals of the will: the sound made me shudder. He opened the paper, cast a glance over it, gave it to Mr. Gray, and begged him to hand it to the lawyer. My father then, in a grave tone, requested him to commence the reading of the will. All were attentive: a pause ensued, and at last the solicitor began.

“I tried to see nothing, to hear nothing. But the lawyer addressed himself so particularly to the executors, between whom I was seated, that I could not avoid the hearing, rather than listening to, various dispositions of property, which, however proper and absolutely necessary, were to me at that moment, indescribably sickening and distasteful.

“The landed estate, of £20,000 per annum, was left to me, and in case of my death without heirs, to my sisters, and their heirs in suc-

cession, with eventual reversion to my father, to whom £10,000 was left at once, as a mark of his esteem to one who had ever been a son to him. £15,000 immediately to each of my sisters, Una being considered as having received part of her portion in what has been settled on her at her marriage. My father to be trustee to Ianthe, who is to come into possession of her portion at the age of twenty-one, or on marriage.

“To me Mr. Lovel appointed as trustees both my father and a learned friend of his own, now abroad, Sir Frederic Perceval, of Lyle Comyn, whom I only know by name as a very clever and eminently scientific person, for whom my grandfather had a great regard. My father, of course, was natural guardian to my sisters and myself, and that simplified the testamentary dispositions, in some respects, as I was told. I was ignorant, happily so, of all these business-like details, and they made little impression on me. I found I was not to come into possession of the estate till attaining my twenty-third year, though I am still legally under age.

“Then followed my dear, good old grandfather’s numerous bequests of money to faithful old servants, of books and instruments to friends,

and one or two considerable sums to charitable foundations in the county. All this I lost not a word of; my ears listened with delight to what seemed almost a living witness to the heavenly character of that departed soul, well as I knew its worth. May the beneficence of a long life have found ere this the promised reward of good works in eternal bliss!

“I knew so many of the recipients of my grandfather’s bounty, and understood so well the motives of most of these kind legacies, that I could mentally picture to myself the gratitude of the persons—mostly in humble life—on whom they were so judiciously bestowed.

“The business was now over. Being still under age, I had no formalities to fulfil; but my father, as guardian and trustee, was told by the lawyer that it would be necessary for him to sign some papers, which should be ready for his perusal in half an hour. The lawyer’s clerk, who was in attendance, was then called in, and my father took the opportunity of withdrawing me from a scene which was beginning to oppress my nerves to a degree that I felt required immediate repose. He conducted me back to my rooms, which I reached in an almost fainting state, and left

me to the care of Mrs. Murray and Ianthe, who were kindly waiting for me.

“This painful week of trial over, the house relapsed into a state of mournful quiescence, which suited our spirits, and our state of heartfelt mourning. My father sent the lawyers back to town, and followed himself, with Mr. Gray, a few days after. Mr. Gray’s presence being merely required for form’s sake, he soon returned to Cheyne; but my father was obliged to remain some time longer in London, on account of necessary steps to be taken in consequence of the will. He promised to return to us as soon as he could, in order to look into, and to give various requisite directions respecting the management of the property during the remainder of my minority, which I was not competent to do; after that should be arranged to his satisfaction, he proposed taking us all to some distant place, not yet fixed upon, for change of air and scene.

“This, I am sure, we all needed. Do what I would, go where I would, I could see nothing but the fading image of past days, and of innocent youthful pleasures—now it seemed gone for ever. The death of grandpapa, the loss of Una, the care of Ianthe, and the

gradually increasing sense of my new and responsible situation as mistress of a large house and property, weighed upon my mind. I was so desirous to fulfil every duty, but, at the same time, so sensible of my inexperience, that I made myself unhappy by the fear that whatever I did myself, without advice, must be wrong; and I looked with impatience for my father's return. My health, never very strong, was beginning to feel the effects of this overstrained anxiety, when a letter from my father announced at once his intention of joining us shortly at Cheyne, and of going a few weeks later in the year to his old mansion in Cornwall, where he had business to transact, and where he thought I might find a winter climate that might possibly suit my constitution better than that of Yorkshire.

“This news was highly agreeable to me; for I felt the want of temporary change, and I wished some new occupation for my sister, whose spirits, naturally so buoyant, seemed to flag unaccountably. My father's presence was also required at Cheyne for the moment; and I felt my loneliness so oppressive to me, that I was doubly impatient for his arrival.

“When he arrived, he found me not im-

proved in health, and it was decided that we should move from home much sooner than he had previously intended. I was curious to see Cornwall, a country which had always been represented to me as so different from Yorkshire, and which I had gradually learnt to consider as a sort of land of wonders, and natural and historical singularities, to which there was no parallel in England. I longed also to see the ocean, the tin-mines, the granite tors, and, above all, the Eddystone lighthouse, which seemed to me one of the grandest and most poetical conceptions that the science of engineering could boast of. I expected that all this would occupy and divert Ianthe, and prevent her from dwelling with vain regret on the remembrance of Nicholas's attentions and professions of attachment.

“The Yorkshire business being at last concluded, we left Cheyne. With what feelings of affection and regret did I not quit that loved, that happy home! It was not my first absence from it, but I felt as if it were so. My weak state of health, and all that I had lately gone through, inclined me to the most melancholy forebodings; I fancied that we should never return to Cheyne again—or, at

least, that I should never re-visit the dear haunts of my youth, which I loved as none but those who have had a country education can love as I did; yet I had firmness to persist in going even when my father proposed delay.

“ We were to go through London for several reasons, and that being the case, I begged my father to let us rest there a day or two, to allow Mrs. Murray some repose, and to enable me to show Ianthe a few interesting objects that might give her mind food for reflection for some time to come. With this view, he resolved to stop a week in his house in Grosvenor Square, where we could be comfortably lodged, and where I could conveniently consult Dr. M’Leod, if necessary.

“ All this took place, accordingly. Ianthe profited by the opportunity to see many interesting sights in London of which she had no previous idea, and was so far recovered in spirits, that I began to think she might end by liking London too much—as it had been settled we were to be presented together, and not till after my majority. Mrs. Murray was grateful for the delay, as it allowed her to see a few old friends whom she had despaired of ever meeting again. The week ended, we renewed our journey towards Cornwall.

“The weather was fine, and the change of scene in going through the southern counties enlivened me a little. My father declined several friendly visits, which had been kindly proposed to us on the road, being anxious to settle us at Botreaux.

“I have now been ten days here, and can begin to form a general idea of the country. The air is mild, and has done me good already, and the scenery is bold and striking—it is beautiful, but how unlike Yorkshire beauty! On the one side, I behold the boundless sea, which I am never weary of admiring, though it looks calm and cold, like a false friend; on the other, are stupendous rocks frowning over the azure deep, crowned with the mouldering towers of King Arthur’s castle of Tintagel. Every night I look out and see the sun sink gloriously in the western wave; and in the morning I behold an equally brilliant revival of his splendour from behind the granite tors, that crown the moorlands in the distant eastern horizon. There is nothing here like Yorkshire, but the moors. Already Ianthe wants to have a moorland pony to scamper about where she likes over the waste.

“Our house is an ancient manor, not in the

best repair, nor overstocked with furniture, but very habitable for us in a wild way. We do not mind a scramble, and are not likely to see any company beyond a few neighbours, with whom my father finds he must renew a long interrupted acquaintance. I inhabit a sort of turret-room, with windows looking every way: Ianthe has a corresponding one; and the room between them, which is in the body of the house, is common to both of us. It is hung with old tapestry, of which we cannot make out the subject. It seems to be a story from Ariosto, or some author of his age and country, and suits the character of the house remarkably well. There are some old pictures of no great merit, chiefly portraits, interesting only for their costume. A long gallery occupies one side of the house, and the rest is divided into rather small rooms, with the exception of an old hall, once the scene of revelry, but now only serving as an additional lobby or vestibule to the entrance. The house stands low, and sheltered among ilexes, cypresses, and evergreens, of rather a gloomy character: it seems, upon the whole, to be calculated for the abode of peace—but I can hardly say, of cheerfulness. Nevertheless, it

suits me in my present frame of mind better than the gayest residence in England.

“My father, who has not had a yacht of his own for many years, but who has always been fond of the sea, is looking out among the better class of sailing-boats for one that may be fit to take us an occasional trip up or down the coast in the fine days of spring; Ianthe looks forward to this with great pleasure. She is always on the shore or on the down, and says she feels destined in the transmigration of souls to be either a lamb or a sea-nymph, but would prefer the latter. She has with some difficulty persuaded papa to take us to see and to go down the famous mine of Botallack, which is worked under the sea. We are also to explore the ruins of Tintagel, and the fearful precipice of the beacon rock overhanging the sea. All these daring excursions, however, are reserved for the fine weather; but I doubt my taking an equal share in their fatigues or their pleasures. Lord Haddon promised to come down, and he will be a great addition to our party on such expeditions.

“My tranquil life during the three weeks we have now been at Botreaux has been of service to me; the colder air of autumn has given

strength to my nerves, and I am able to help my father in many of his occupations. I now think more confidently of Una and her prospects, and less despairingly of Ianthe, who is a very affectionate sister to me, and wants only steadiness, which I trust she has begun to value as a sterling quality, as necessary in life for the woman as the man.

“What a blessing is domestic happiness! It is not always in our power to command it, though common-place and superficial advisers are constantly maintaining in their strictures that man, and moreover woman, can make his or her own happiness. This is false. Circumstances will always have power to limit or prevent it. But it is not the less our duty to govern and regulate our conduct so as to deserve that happiness, and so indeed we may be brought nearer to it. Yet those very circumstances, and the contentment they ought, but do not, always bring with them, are a direct blessing of Providence, and as such I pray for their continuance, and praise the Giver for what I have already in my short life enjoyed of them, in common with my parents, my sisters, and friends.”

CHAPTER II.

“A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty: deep her eyes, as are
Two openings of unfathomable night
Seen through a tempest’s cloven roof—her hair
Dark—the dim brain whirls, dizzy with delight,
Picturing her form: her soft smile shone afar,
And her low voice was heard like love, and drew
All living things unto this wonder new.

* * * * *

And every nymph of stream and spreading tree,
And every shepherdess of Ocean’s flocks,
Who drives her white waves over the green sea;
And Ocean, with the brine on his grey locks,
And quaint Priapus with his company
All came, much wondering how the unwomb’d rocks
Could have brought forth so beautiful a birth;
Her love subdued their wonder and their mirth.”

SHELLEY.

“It is one of the most fortunate circumstances in our nature, as well as a signal instance of deep forethought in the scheme of Providence, that man is not allowed to see farther into future events than what the ordinary rules of prudence can point out. This ignorance, though it may sometimes lead us into errors of

judgment, is yet far better calculated to be of service to us in the long run than otherwise; it enhances the value of good fortune, and removes from us the gradual anticipation of inevitable evils which no human mind could bear. Even our commonest joys are heightened by surprise, and the greatest pleasure gains something by coming to us unhopèd for and unexpected. My visit to Cornwall is a proof of this.

“Not having travelled at all in my earlier days, I had formed an idea that every part of England, except London and its neighbourhood, must be very like Yorkshire—a notion which the monotony of the road between London and York, the only one I was acquainted with, had encouraged rather than diminished. It is impossible to say, then, how much I was surprised by the beauty and variety of scenery in Devon and Cornwall, and by the wildness and original character of the latter, especially on the north coast.

“Ianthè was even more charmed with the country than myself. I could admit the advantages and enjoy the peculiarities of each of our counties; but Ianthè, wild with spirits, whenever she got out upon the heath or on

the sands, declared that she preferred Cornwall to Yorkshire in all and every particular, as giving her the idea of liberty and nature, which she could never feel in the hedge-rows of the midland counties. I laughed at her enthusiasm, and in the meanwhile enjoyed the liberty of that wild shore as much as she did.

“We took frequent walks among the bold cliffs that skirt that iron-bound coast. We visited Mort Bay, Bossiney, and most frequently our neighbouring castle on the rock, so celebrated in romance under the name of Tintagel, the birth-place of the patriot king of Britain, Arthur. One of the boldest headlands within our range was one commonly called the Beacon Rock, though it may have another name. This was a favourite spot of my sister’s. Here would she go and gaze upon the ocean, or climb the mountain to reach a lonely spot called the Hermitage—sometimes, for the sake of witnessing the unrivalled sunsets visible from that point, sometimes, to see a singular old man who dwelt in a hut, or rather cave, among the ruins of that ancient hermit’s cell. He was known to the country folks as the hermit of Tintagel; and it was reported that they sometimes, in cases of difficulty, consulted him as

to future events. It was certain that he had on more than one occasion foretold shipwrecks, a sort of prophecy sure to make a reputation on the Cornish coast. And Ianthe told me, with an air of gravity I thought quite unsuited to the subject, that she heard that the superstitious Cornish girls did even go and get their fortunes told by him.

My father, who remembered the first appearance of poor Gervase, for such was his name, some twenty years before, told us that he was a man who had seen better days, that he had been much at sea, and in very distant and unfrequented parts of the world, and that he considered him as slightly, though harmlessly, deranged in his intellect. He desired that we would treat him only as an object of charity, and not encourage either himself or his ignorant visiters in the belief of his possessing any extraordinary attributes. Ianthe was evidently disposed to make a wonder of him; but I tried to sober her imagination as much as I could, and did not quite succeed to my satisfaction. She is very much disposed to be romantic in every thing that relates to adventure or mystery, but not the least in mind. A castle, a rock, and a hero—nay, even

those interesting beings, smugglers and gypsies—are full of attractions for her; but poetry, astronomy, highflown sentiment, or exalted notions of mental courage in difficulties, are not by any means the favourite objects of her thoughts. I pray God she may gather wisdom and steadiness as she grows older.

“We have now been some time at Botreaux. Nicholas and Lord Haddon are expected. I hope some few other persons may be invited. Nicholas is always seen to more advantage in company; and though he and Lord Haddon suit very well in some of their pursuits, I am ever afraid of their disagreeing on the subject of Ianthe. Nicholas, who has now a very good income allowed him, has bought or hired a small yacht, in which he means to sail round the Land’s End, and to surprise us some day upon the coast.

“One fine but rather stormy day, I proposed to Ianthe that we should pay a visit to old Gervase, the hermit, and carry him a piece of flannel, or warm cloth, for his use in the winter. She readily agreed, and we set out on our walk with equal spirits, but very different views. As soon as we had surmounted the first cliff, on which stands the mouldering ruins of Tin-

tagel, Ianthe determined to try to mount one of the fragments of wall, which seemed to have been once part of a watch-tower or beacon.

“ ‘What is it,’ I said, ‘that you are so desirous of seeing, Ianthe?’

“ ‘I want to look out to see whether Nicholas is coming,’ said she.

“ ‘You would never know his little vessel; you have never seen it before.’

“ ‘Oh! never mind, I am sure I should know it. I could see at least whether he is steering towards us or not. There is not a sail to be seen.’

“ ‘Well, come down, and let us make the best of our way to the beacon rock before the weather changes, for it threatens to blow a gale before night.’

“ We hastened onward towards the wild habitation of old Gervase, and climbed, not without considerable effort, to the mouth of the cavern in which he had established his primitive abode. The entrance was nearly concealed by a natural curtain of ivy, which trailed in long and tangled strings from the ledges of granite which overhang the cave; the steps which led to it were partly the shelves of rock themselves, and partly rough stones of large size,

which seemed placed there to facilitate the access to the only individual who was accustomed to them, and to hinder it to all intruders except at the peril of their lives. During our scramble Ianthe had not been able to refrain from making sundry exclamations of fear and wonder at this break-neck approach to a human dwelling, though she enjoyed any difficulty that she knew she could surmount beyond all other amusements that could be offered her. Her joyous, youthful voice had certainly roused poor old Gervase; for we found him, on turning the last projection of the rock, standing at the threshold, if such it might be called, of his rugged doorway.

“The old man was not a figure to be passed unobserved. Habited in garments now almost without shape, whatever might have been their original fashion, he looked like a personification of the wild weather of that tempestuous coast. What had once been a sailor’s dress, of the roughest material, was now in tatters—a sort of cloak, or wrapper, of old sail-cloth bound round his waist with an outlandish kind of rope made of some foreign fibre—sandals of Irish form in place of shoes—no hat nor cap to protect his white hair, and beard streaming to the

wind—his skin sunburnt as an Indian's, and his eyes alone gleaming with a fire that seemed to betoken a spirit far different from that of ordinary mortals. Such was the appearance of old Gervase as he stood before us. He looked keenly at us—doubly so at Ianthé, who did not dissemble her astonishment. A start on such a pinnacle of the cliff would have been fatal; so I was glad that, on that occasion at least, she showed a greater degree of self-possession than I expected of her.

“The old man said nothing, but beckoned us into the cave, and pointed to a bench of unhewn stone, where we were glad to seat ourselves, tired as we were. I broke silence by saying—

“ ‘Gervase, my father says that he recollects you here five and twenty years ago; he will be glad to know if you are well, and if you want any thing.’

“ ‘No, no, young ladies, Gervase wants for nothing in this world, save the liberty to look over it from this bleak rock. But ye're welcome, my ladies. Do you come to see the prospect? 'tis a wild one, and a wild night is coming on; trust me, I know full well the signs of the gale. Maybe, you do come to ask me some-

thing? some question that none of those below can answer ye—eh, my ladies?’

“The old man’s air was wild and haggard enough to inspire one with no very cheerful sensations, and my mind could not help recurring to the stories I had heard of his dealing in fortunes and forbidden spells, as, while uttering his last question, he turned his sharp eyes full upon Ianthe, as if he intuitively guessed that she had some anxious inquiry to make of him.

“My sister’s countenance showed very plainly that she was under the influence either of fear, or of some undefined sense of apprehension, as she shrunk from his gaze. ‘Do you think there is any danger at sea to-night?’ said she; ‘that is, that any thing will happen . . . ?’

“‘To whom, young lady? Can you see a sail in the offing, where yon lowering cloud shows the coming storm? You see clear, then; my eyes are old, but they are good. I see neither ship nor skiff, and I doubt that you can, except it be fancy.’

“‘But would a yacht approach this coast at night?’ anxiously inquired Ianthe, looking out to sea.

“ ‘I should hope not,’ drily answered Gervase. ‘Have you seen many wrecks here?’ said I, wishing to turn the subject; ‘surely, since the lighthouses have been improved, wrecks are not so frequent.’

“ ‘I have been wrecked myself once in every quarter of the globe, my lady, and here I am to tell you of it. A lighthouse may show you when you are in danger, if that be a comfort to you; but as for keeping you out of danger, or preserving you when you are in it—why—’tis another power must do that,’ said the old man awfully. ‘We have not had many ships ashore these late years, and ’tis but likely one ’ll come soon. Ask them as lives down by the beach, if they’ve had e’er a good season since the Firebrace was cast away, five years back come next new-year’s eve; they’ll tell you luck’s left the coast—no wrecks here now.’

“ ‘Thank God!’ softly ejaculated Ianthe. It was time now for us to depart; so, leaving my present of thick woollen stuff in my father’s name with old Gervase, who received it thankfully, I believe, but ungraciously, we descended the rugged path that led to the narrow shore. The still rising wind blew mournfully among the rocks, and we were obliged to hasten along

the beach, in order to escape the surges of the flowing tide.

“Ianthé was nervous and excited: I humour-ed her in talking of the wonders of the coast, and of the wild, seafaring life of our hermit. We naturally thought of Una, and of her long voyage, and of the trust one must place in Providence for the safety of the absent. For who knows while we talk, what weather may befall our sister at the antipodes? Memory brought back to me the words of my childish ditty—

—— ‘ Children, while here ye play,
There’s many a ship and many a heart
That’s lost, and cast away.’

As I repeated them in a low whisper, I was surprised to hear a suppressed sob from Ianthe; who was weeping, and cried with unwonted trepidation, ‘ Yes, Chrissy, there is misfortune coming—wreck, death—your lines are prophetic: old Gervase was ready to tell me so, I am sure, if I had dared ask him. See, those village girls are going up to question him boldly, and I had not courage. Something will happen to me, or to Una; or,’—here she broke off in such agitation, that I was glad to find myself at home again, and to conduct her to her

apartment. The storm was now beginning to break upon the coast with terrific violence.

“During our absence the post had arrived, an event that occurred but three times a week in this remote county, and, to our great joy, brought a letter from Una to me. After reading it hastily to my father, I hurried to show it to Ianthe, and was pleased to find that it really had some effect in calming her spirits. She no longer listened to the gale while reading Una’s descriptions of the tranquil seas and summer climate she had experienced during her voyage; the fond expressions of love for her sisters which breathed in every page, rekindled all Ianthe’s warmth of heart, and, by recalling the image of the absent, dissipated the gloom which hung over the present.

“Una, after a prosperous voyage, had arrived at the settlement which was to be her future home. She had written so soon after her landing, in order to seize the first opportunity of corresponding that might offer, which were not likely to be frequent. The novelty of her situation was such that she could only allude to many things in the most general terms, reserving her description of much that she knew would interest her friends to a future

occasion, when she would have more leisure and a better knowledge of the numberless unexpected objects that surrounded her. The natural yearning after home and after news of the dear relatives she had left, were her principal topics. My father's chief anxiety had been for her health, but that, it appeared, had suffered less from the voyage than she had expected. Mr. Clive, however, had been unwell, in consequence of the heat, and she now rejoiced that they were on shore, where she could take proper care of him.

Both Ianthe and myself resolved to write to her immediately: we had done so before, but, until we had heard of her actual existence in the colony of New Zealand, our writing could not be called correspondence—it was like despatching letters to another world, from whence we hardly dared hope for an answer. Johnson and his wife were both well, and had been of the greatest service during the voyage. Finally, Una repeated her complete satisfaction with the step she had taken, and declared her happiness with Mr. Clive for a husband was such, that her gratitude to God would, she trusted, support her through any trials which

in that unknown land it might be her lot to meet with. He had already begun to preach to some of the native youths who had learnt English, and was well pleased with their docility, and with the readiness which they showed to assist him in all his dealings with the tribes of the interior.

This letter made a deep impression upon me. The sight of Una's well known and still youthful handwriting, was an earnest of her life and ability to pursue her everyday occupations, which was like a voice from the tomb. Her sudden marriage, her quick disappearance from among us, the knowledge of her distant and perilous career, all—with the length of time before we had heard of her—had seemed as if it were almost her removal from this world that we had to resign ourselves to, rather than the simple fact of her becoming the wife of an active clergyman in a remote province of the empire. She besought us so to consider her situation, to keep up a constant correspondence, so that on either side we should each be as sisterly, as intimate, as familiar with each other's hearts as ever, and above all, mutually to pray to God for each other's welfare. For,

she added, you know not what the feeling of being prayed for is to us in a strange and savage land. Dear Una!

“The description of the place in which they were located was very agreeable; their small cottage, at the extremity of one of the best villages of the settlers, was so placed as to command a fine view of the Bay of Islands, while; on the inland side, it looked towards the woody mountains still occupied by the unconverted aborigines. A grove of palms skirted the shore, and a path, bordered by new and beautiful flowering bushes, whose very names were unknown, led to a snug cove, or landing-place for boats, at the foot of the hill on which their habitation stood. These had hitherto been Una’s only walks, except to the village-market, such as it was, in which alone had she met any of the natives, whom she described as a fine-looking race, and belonging to a tribe who were on very good terms with the settlers. Mr. Clive was learning their language, and intended, as soon as the cool season set in, to make his first attempts at conversion in their community. The climate, though warm, was heavenly, and she spoke with pleasure of her early morning rambles among palms and ferns, plucking the

strange flowers, and listening to the strange birds, whose song—the song of nature—found an echo in her heart ; while the tall forms of the natives, wrapped in their mantles, were seen descending from the mountains, and bearing various produce for sale to the colony.

“ Although the Clives had not stirred as yet a mile from the village, Una reported that her husband had already collected sufficient information to be able to plan his intended tour with some exactness. A chief, known as the ‘ Tall Palm,’ had promised to escort him to his own Pah, and to those of all the friendly chiefs in the district, and a baptized native was to accompany him as interpreter. Another chief, called the ‘ Rock Bird,’ had promised the same for another district. These parts were said to be the wildest and most romantic of all the island that had hitherto been explored, though far wilder must exist among the high mountain-land of the south. Thither they could not hope to penetrate for many years to come. Una had seen some of the women, and thought them intelligent and capable of improvement. A school, under her immediate management, was to be established. She described the native dances as she had seen them on a lawn, shaded

with noble evergreen trees and palms, near the cottage, where everything—turf, trees, forest, flowers, and fruit—glowing in all forms and colours, were from the bounteous hand of nature. The men were decked in spoils of the chase, the brilliant plumage of the birds, the rich furs of the wild beasts adorned their athletic persons ; while the women set off their dark complexions with flowers of scarlet and orange, gathered from the nearest shrubs. Una longed to see more of this interesting race, but doubted whether her husband would take her on his first experimental journey into the interior.

“Ianthé was enraptured with all these details, and regretted, sincerely for the moment, that she had not an equally romantic and adventurous life within her reach. Meanwhile, the storm had subsided, and a letter to my father had announced that Lord Haddon and Nicholas, having resolved to visit the Channel Islands on their way, had put off their arrival at Botreaux for some days.

“Ever restless and eager for novelty, Ianthe pressed me to pay another visit to old Gervase in his cave.

“‘What do you want with him?’ I asked her.

“ ‘Only to talk to him about New Zealand ; I dare say he has been there.’

“ ‘I have no objection ; but do not make me stay late. The weather is now colder. The people will think you are going to consult the Wizard of the Rock.’

“ You know, Chrissy, I have hardly asked him a question. But I do want to know something about the tides and the moon ; and I like hearing him talk.’

“ ‘Let us wait till to-morrow, when it will be full moon, I know, and we shall see it rise on our way back. Besides, it is too late for such a long walk now.’

“ It was agreed then that our visit to the Hermit should be postponed to the morrow. Ianthe was in good spirits, and talked all day of the delightful life Una must have in New Zealand, and what opportunities of seeing wonders, which Ianthe thinks one of the objects of existence.

“ We put our scheme in execution, and proceeded at an earlier hour in the afternoon of the following day, to pay our second visit to old Gervase.

“ It was one of those beautiful balmy days which not unfrequently occur on the western

coast in the midst of winter, and for the benefit of which I had been specially ordered to pass the season there. My father accompanied us part of the way, and took pleasure in telling us a great deal of the history of this peculiar county, and in explaining to us much that was singular in the habits of the people. He now much regretted that he had not lived more frequently here, in the scenes of his youth, and promised that, if it suited me, he would henceforward spend a part of every winter at Botreaux.

“ ‘Where are you going, girls?’ he asked.

“ ‘To see old Gervase,’ replied Ianthe.

“ ‘Take care you do not stay out late; for the seafaring folks have not a good reputation, and you might fall in with smugglers, or wreckers.’ With these words, he pointed to a group of idlers on the beach, who were looking at some drift-wood or some fragments of ship’s-timber that had been cast ashore.

“ ‘This is not like the coast of Una’s country,’ said Ianthe.

“ ‘No, but I doubt her having a finer sea-view than this, either.’

“ ‘What is that old odd-shaped stone, by the side of the path?’

“ ‘Do you not see it is an ancient cross, almost worn out of shape by the storms of centuries. It is one of those called still by the Cornish, saint’s crosses, and probably has been one of a row of them marking the path to the Church of St. Piranus, now called Pirran’s chapel, of which you see the mouldering walls on the summit beyond the cave, whither you are going. It is, or has been—for now it is a haunt of wreckers—a holy place in these parts. It was once the burial-place of our family, but the only remaining tombstone I had moved, weather-beaten as it was, to our parish church, to be with the others, many years ago. You have seen it with a plain cross deep cut in the hard granite, and our arms, the lion, at its foot.’

“ ‘Is it right to move monuments, papa?’ I asked.

“ ‘I would not on any account have done so but for a reason. The chapel was ruinous, the hallowed ground desecrated, the place has a bad name, partly from fact, partly from superstition, and there was nobody interred there.’

“ ‘No? papa,’ we both asked at once in astonishment; ‘were cenotaphs in fashion in those days?’

“ ‘ You have never heard the old tradition of the family—that, previous to the Reformation—which well nigh destroyed all romantic and legendary belief even in Cornwall—the coffins of our race were never buried in mother earth, but left upon the wild shore, when mysterious beings floated in from another world and conveyed them away. A simple stone with a cross was the only memorial of the dead, and that, without date or inscription, was placed for each of our names in the family chapel of St. Pirran—the same whose oratory lies covered by the sands of Perran *in sabulo*.’

“ ‘ What a pity you let the chapel fall to ruins!’ said Ianthe pensively.

“ ‘ It has been for centuries open to the winds, as you see it. The chapels on this coast, of which there were many on the headlands down to St. Michael’s Mount on either shore, are said to have been often spoiled and overthrown by the sea-kings of the north, in their way to Ireland and Scotland.’

“ We had now reached the rushing brook at the foot of the Beacon hill; and my father, after helping us over the broad ledges of blue slate and loose round blocks of red granite, among which the sparkling waters hastened headlong

towards the sea, returned home, in order to take his horse, and visit a neighbour on the side of the moor towards Callington. Our path, though steep, was now well known to us, and we mounted the beetling crag with a natural anxiety to see our interesting old hermit once more.

“Gervase was sitting this time outside his door, on a rough block of moor-stone, almost overhanging the precipice.

“‘Good evening, my ladies,’ said he, ‘do you come to see the old man once more, or have you lost your way in seeking shells and samphire?’

“‘Yes, good Gervase, we come to see you, and to ask you some questions we want to know.’ Here Ianthe paused merely for want of breath, most unfortunately, for it gave the old man time, while she was seating herself upon a ledge of rock near his door, to say with a mysterious air.

“‘Ay, many be the young maidens do come to ask for knowledge of old Gervase. May be, you’ll ask nothing but what he can tell already.’

“‘I am come to know if ever you were in New Zealand, Gervase,’ said I; for I saw that

Ianthe, who was not quick at answering unexpected remarks, though ready enough at making her own, was quite unprepared for this sally of our hermit.

“ ‘No, my ladies,’ said he, ‘that place was not heard of when I was at sea. I was cast away on the burning sands of New Holland, and lived for thirty days on shell-fish and seaweed, not so good neither, as our crabs and laver here—and I fancy New Zealand should be somewhere thereabouts.’

“ ‘I hope Una has something better than that for dinner,’ said Ianthe.

“ ‘Our sister, Gervase,’ said I, ‘is married, and gone out to settle in New Zealand, and thinking you might know the country, I hoped to hear something of it from you.’

“ ‘ ’Twould take longer voyages than one man’s life could endure to, for to see the whole world,’ said Gervase; ‘I’ve seen a many strange places, hot and cold, and if my lady your sister, be in one of them, pray to God for her, for none of them’s like England, or Cornwall.’

“ ‘So we do pray, Gervase,’ said I.

“ ‘And if St. Pirran’s chapel was not such a heap of ruins,’ said Ianthe, ‘we would go and pray there, too, for it has been a holy church

in its day, and our family resting-place in old times.'

" 'Please God, I never see you there, my young lady,' said Gervase, in a singularly grave tone.

" 'What, not in life? Gervase.'

" 'Alas! ye know not the sad name of that holy ground. 'Tis now but a lone churchyard. And who be they that lie there? Not the high and the noble, or they that die in peace. No lofty tombs are there, no monuments even of them for whom in these days that holy ground is kept. They are the graves of the nameless dead. . . . It is called now. . . . The Chapel of the Drowned!'

" 'Then we would pray the more. God, may'st thou have been merciful to our poor brethren!'

"I believe Ianthe and myself gave utterance to this heartfelt prayer at the same moment. I know not which spoke, or if either spoke audibly. The old man's manner was so impressive, he seemed to shudder as he spoke; he looked at us with such earnestness, and deep interest, particularly at my sister, that I felt involuntarily afraid. The sun was setting gloriously; we had nearly outstayed our time;

we took a hasty leave of the benevolent old hermit, and descended the hill in silence.

“ Night was already closing in, and the moon, now at her full, had risen in her greatest splendour, when we approached our home. During a great part of the way neither of us had spoken. At last Ianthe broke silence and said, ‘ Is it superstitious to heed what old Gervase has told us ? ’

“ ‘ I know not why you should heed it,’ said I ; ‘ this is a peculiar country, and we must expect to hear strange things. Look at that lovely moon shining over the placid sea, who would think it was near Christmas ? There is King Arthur’s castle standing darkly forth in the shade, and yonder I can discern two of the tors upon the moor.’

“ Had Ianthe not been unaccountably depressed in spirits, she would have proposed an instant expedition by moonlight to the tors on the moor, and I half regretted my observation. But she made no remark, and we arrived at the house rather late as it was.

“ In the course of the evening, we told Mrs. Murray of our ramble, and of this our second visit to the hermitage, and asked her opinion of these wild tales.

“ She appealed to my father for a confirmation of them, and he, after repeating what he had told us during our walk, added, that on the summit of the Beacon hill, behind the chapel of St. Piranus, was a large cromlech, now overthrown, and, therefore, not conspicuous from a distance, and that within a hundred yards of it stands one of those tors we had remarked from the hill of Tintagel. So that you see how first nature, then Druidical superstition, after that one of the humble founders of our British church, then once more superstition in the middle ages, and lastly the legends, sprung perhaps from a confusion of traditions derived from all these sources, have pointed out the Beacon hill as a mysterious or a consecrated spot during all time. There are many of these chapels of our saints along the coast, all once perhaps beacons to the living mariner, and a last refuge to the shipwrecked.

“ Mrs. Murray, seeing that our imagination had been extraordinarily affected by these new, and to us unaccustomed, ideas, entreated us not to allow our minds to dwell upon them, and turned the conversation to Una and her descriptions of New Zealand.

“ My father proposes, if the weather is equally

fine after Christmas, to take us down to Penzance to see some of the mines and other curiosities of the coast. I am so well now that I feel equal to any reasonable fatigue. Lord Haddon will be an agreeable addition to our party, but it is doubtful how Nicholas will behave.

A sailor is just now come in, it being nearly mid-day, to say that there is a small but smart-looking yacht now making for the bay; but as it is ebb tide, it will be some hours before she can possibly come in with this light wind. This must be Nicholas and Lord Haddon. Ianthe is already off to the sands to look out for the vessel. She will be too late to land here this tide, but she may get into Padstow.

“The yacht came to an anchor very late last night, and the gentlemen came off to breakfast this morning; they are both in good spirits, Nicholas rather more gracious and condescending than usual. My father is going off with them in the boat, to see their yacht before she goes round to Padstow, as she cannot lie here in safety: so the pilot says. Ianthe is to go, too, which has put her in great spirits; but I have declined being of the party. I see plainly that Lord Haddon’s admiration of Ianthe is as great

as ever; but she seems as indifferent to him as before.

“ ‘What a charming yacht you have, Niccò!’ said Ianthe; ‘do let us sail in her some fine day; and then, now you are on shore, we have a wonder to show you: we have a ruined castle, a cave, and a hermit—a real hermit, I assure you. And you can take us down to St. Ives on our coasting tour, and to Hartland Point, and the Land’s End, cannot you?—it will be so nice.’ ‘Stop,’ said Nicholas, laughing, ‘your geography is at fault—Hartland is one way, and the Land’s End the other; I have studied the chart long enough to know that, and long enough we were beating up from the Land’s End here.’”

“My father, who seemed on more easy terms with Nicholas than formerly, said, ‘Your yacht will not hold us all, I think, but may be made useful for an occasional trip. I am glad to see you have an occupation, for I never can consider navigation as mere idle amusement.’”

“It is now agreed that our tour commences by seeing Botallack mine next week. I shall go with Mrs. Murray by land: my father and Ianthe, with the rest, by sea.

“Nicholas has been here a week. He is still

flattering Ianthe, and she is exclusively taken with him. I am in doubt whether to speak to my father or not. He takes no notice of such things. Nicholas and Lord Haddon have been to the Hermitage; they found old Gervase in the worst humour, and Lord Haddon says that he took a most evident dislike to Nicholas. We could not go with them without papa, and I am glad we did not. Ianthe was quite childish about not going; she says she is so fond of the wild thyme on the rocks. Nicholas, as soon as he had heard our family legend, declared that Gervase must be the old man of the sea himself, keeping watch at once over the deadly shores of Mort Bay and the deserted tombs of the drowned. Mrs. Murray, who is not in the least prone to superstition, but always tries to draw a useful conclusion from every subject of conversation, opposed these romantic fancies more warmly than I could have anticipated. She says that it is not uncommon in Roman Catholic countries for masses to be said for the drowned in churches near a coast, or a river shore; that in all probability such may have been in part the destination of the chapel of St. Piranus, and that the tradition of that pious usage may have faintly survived among the

peasantry and the mariners of Cornwall. The subject is a melancholy one, and I think we have dwelt on it even more than enough.

“ We have now made several excursions that have interested me very much. St. Michael’s Mount and the Bay, Landewednack, Carnbrea, and other parts of Western Cornwall, require an historian to describe them properly. Papa is fond of contrasting what he calls the dark Celtic look of the cottagers with our Saxon Yorkshire people ; if the people bear a comparison, I am sure their cottages, built of lumps of granite rock, do not with our Yorkshire villages. Both people and their habitations here are eminently picturesque—the habitations at least are not beautiful. We are next to go and see Botallack mine, which interests me particularly from its being worked under the ocean. Nicholas wants to take us all there in his yacht ; but as I had one rough sail in her off the Lizard, the farthest point of our last excursion, I shall decline it. The weather, though windy, has been both fine and mild for the season : my father and Lord Haddon both agree that, were it less variable, it would be in some respects more enjoyable than the Mediterranean. For there, they say, fine winter

weather is too much like summer, the air wants the invigorating freshness which always accompanies the mildest weather of a Cornish winter. Or rather, there is no winter here; the mellowness of autumn is blended with the freshness of spring, which, with a temperate summer, make up the three seasons that compose the Cornish year.

“We are also to see Pentilly and Cothele before we leave Cornwall. My journal is now written so irregularly, that were I not sensible of its utility, I should be tempted to lay it aside for good and all. But I feel that it makes one think, and, with our quiet life, some such inducement is necessary to the exercise of one’s faculties.

“What a wonderful mine is that of Botallack! The labours of man toiling to bring obscure metals from the bowels of the earth, are of themselves worthy of deep contemplation as one of the most signal ways in which his industry, skill, and perseverance can be employed for the general utility of mankind. But when one sees the wonders of the mine, and the hidden secrets of nature drawn forth amid the wild scenery of rock and ocean—when the features of the world without match in sublimity

the riches of the world within, admiration for the ingenuity of man vanishes in the awe called forth by the works of his Creator. His power has scattered through the living rock the tin, the lead, and the copper—it has rent that rock with fearful convulsions to render their deep veins accessible, and has implanted science and courage in the mind of man to seek the ore beneath the stormy wave. And on the surface, what does one see? Not a sign of the wealth below—a wide and angry sea—a bold and barren precipice, where the green sapphire floats in the breeze, and where the hollow roar of the surge is echoed by the shrill voice of the cormorant.

“If my previous suspicions of Nicholas had not been somewhat lulled by his recent behaviour, I should have been less surprised than I was to-day at hearing what passed between Ianthe and him at Botallack. Not only am I confounded at his recurring to his passion for Ianthe, which he and she had so solemnly pledged themselves to give up; but I am shocked to find that Ianthe still listens to him. Giddy as she is, I thought and hoped that her good sense and consistency had been equal to the task of keeping her out of such dangerous intimacy.

“I cannot yet bring myself to believe that my sister has been voluntarily deceiving me; it is not in her natural character. On the contrary, she is too open sometimes, and has not common prudence in what she says or does.

“The scene I never shall forget. Papa and Nicholas took her round in the yacht. Mrs. Murray and I went by land—Lord Haddon riding to escort us. When we came to a village with a name I do not recollect, Tregweek I think, Mrs. Murray, not liking to attempt the mine, and feeling tired, stopped to rest an hour or two with the clergyman’s family at that place, where I was to call for her on my return. Lord Haddon rode on to Botallack, and I followed.

“The absence of our good and venerable friend, whom Nicholas feared, though he could not dislike her, if the memory of her kindness to him in early days still lingered in his heart, certainly removed some restraint from Ianthe as well as from him. I could see that there was an increase of low-toned conversation between them, from the moment Lord Haddon had announced that Mrs. Murray was not coming on. If he observed any change, he was too well bred to let it be seen.

“Nothing particular, beyond this, occurred before our going down the mine. While there, its awful darkness, the solemnity of the feeling which I, for one, had of being as it were buried, not only beneath earth, but sea, occupied us, I believe, all without exception. The lower I went the more did my spirit mount up to God. On returning to daylight, I was rather faint, and went to rest myself in the parlour of one of the mining officers near at hand, where, having recovered myself, I wrote my first impressions of Botallack. On going back to meet my party at the mouth of the mine, I saw Nicholas and Ianthe standing together at the point of a rock, and apparently looking at the view. I did not at first particularly notice them, as there was a picturesque string of mules laden with ore which was passing at the time, and which, as I thought, engaged their attention. Soon after, on passing near them, I could not help overhearing Nicholas addressing himself to Ianthe in the earnest and impassioned tone of a lover, declaring that he had never given her up, that his visit to Cornwall was entirely on her account, and that he relied on finding her heart and sentiments unchanged towards him.

“Ianthé was evidently listening to him with no signs of disapprobation; whether the blush that mantled on her cheeks betrayed the secret but conscious condemnation of her own heart, I know not—but, at that moment, she raised her eyes, and must have seen in my countenance the plain expression of my horror at her conduct. I will not, I cannot, describe how she looked. She had spoken last, and suddenly stopped. Nicholas looked around him, and seeing me, half smiled with an air of inexpressible scorn and triumph as he witnessed the emotion I was unable to conceal.

“I suppose I could not have heard a tenth part of their conversation; and what I did hear was too evidently the conclusion of some agreement, upon which they must have been previously consulting.

“‘Am I to understand then, at last, after all this delay, all this wavering—this want of courage, must I call it, dearest Ianthe?—that you are determined, resolutely determined, not to swerve from your decision and all its consequences—as resolved, in short, as your Nicholas is, to brave every thing?’

“‘I am, I am,’ whispered but too audibly the weak and credulous girl.

“ ‘Be firm! Why should you hesitate? Why should you, of all the girls of your birth and station, be debarred from choosing as a husband him who loves you?—him whom . . . you love . . . Ianthe?’

“The last words were in so low a tone, that, had not my ears been quickened by a degree of excitement I had never before experienced, I could not have heard them. But to me, alas! they were audible as the loudest thunder.

“My palpitating heart would scarcely allow me utterance. I felt that no time was to be lost. I drew courage from the conscious rectitude of my intentions, and addressed them immediately; I know not whether in these words, but to this purport.

“ ‘Is this the fulfilment of your promise, Nicholas? Is this what you gave me to understand at Cheyne was the line of conduct you would follow with regard to Ianthe? Why did I foolishly trust you, when I saw that your passion was even then strong enough to make you break through the respect due to our family, to those who have always considered you as one of themselves?’

“ ‘I have finally determined to act for myself,’ haughtily replied Nicholas. ‘As long as

those were living who treated me with real kindness, I might have forborne; but since Mr. Lovel's death I am alone in the wide world. The kind heart of the Lovels is no more; but the family pride bids fair to last, and to descend as an heir-loom in the female line,' added he, sneeringly.

"Not condescending to notice his sarcasm, I turned to Ianthe, and said, 'I hoped, sister...' when I saw that she had sunk behind a rock, and was leaning with her head buried in her hands. Nicholas, who seemed quite determined to answer for her, turned round and said, 'You may spare her; no words of yours can alter her decision. I can answer for you, Ianthe, can I not?'

"No reply.

"'It will be wasting your time (and the tide almost serves,' added he, looking with perfect unconcern towards his yacht), 'and giving unnecessary pain to that dear girl, to dwell longer upon what we have decided on. She does not partake your pride; nor, after Una's match, do I see why you should make such a violent objection to Ianthe's engagement, for such I openly avow it to be with me.'

"While I was listening, mute with astonish-

ment, to this harangue, a sailor was seen approaching from the shore to summon Nicholas to join his vessel. The man, breathless with walking up the steep side of the mountain, pointed, while yet at a distance, to the signal flag which was flying at her mast-head.

“ ‘ We must be off, Ianthe; come, cheer up your spirits, dearest,’ said Nicholas, and then, darting a triumphant glance at me, he hurried my poor sister off without a moment’s delay. I could see my father and Lord Haddon on the shore waiting for them. Ianthe, and it was no wonder, never turned round to meet my sight; I remained, I know not how long, on the spot, until a servant came to tell me the carriage was waiting to convey me back to Botreaux.

“ During the few miles between Botallack and Tregweek, where I was to call for Mrs. Murray, I had ample leisure, as we could drive but slowly, to think over the stunning scene that I had just passed. It was an awful thing to look forward to the now urgent step of an explanation to my father, and even to Mrs. Murray, which I could now no longer delay. I was fortunate, indeed, in having been alone on this occasion; her presence could not have assisted me, or prevented the occurrence, while

it must have added greatly to the distress and embarrassment of all parties, except Nicholas. He indeed would have gained strength from anything that added to our confusion, and might possibly have been even more violent.

“I am writing now in such a frame of mind, just returned to Botreaux—the yacht is not come in—that I have omitted, as it seems to me, much that Nicholas said. I am sure he told me once, that he would speak boldly to the duke, and marry Ianthe with, or without his or my consent. One thing I see plainly, that my poor sister is in truth devoted to him: but that he—though I would not, good God, foresee any falseness in his passion for her—is yet more excited in his present rash designs by a revengeful desire to vex me, than by love for Ianthe.

“My disclosure of these circumstances to my dear and second mother, on the way from Tregweek home, was painful, and almost heart-breaking to me. She said I must tell my father: and that if, after that, she could be of any use, she would devote herself to save Ianthe from an ill-omened marriage. But, with her never-failing good sense, she added—“None must stand between a daughter and a father

on such a question. You must be the medium of the first communication, of course (unless Nicholas, in his wild passion, forestall you), but then retire; the poor girl must bear the brunt of her imprudence herself.'

"So stand things at present. The yacht does not appear—there is no wind—they cannot come round till late. I am sure there will be no explanation on board. I am going to bed, weary and wretched; I pray to God to help me and Ianthe.

CHAPTER III.

Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendour.—

* * *

She was a prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
 I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the seamew's flight,
Why did they leave that night,
 Her nest unguarded?

LONGFELLOW.

“ I AM again writing. My journal is become a labour to me. It is a task so mechanical, that I set about it without pleasure, as a means of recollection to myself—and without hope, as a work of utility to any who may come after me.

“ Weariness of body and mind quite pre-

vented my sleeping last night. The yacht came in late—every one hurried to bed—I know not in what humour or what circumstances in regard to the great affair.

“Alas! my conversation with Mrs. Murray yesterday, on our way home, proved to me beyond a doubt, that she is no longer the same help to me that she was formerly. Her mind, her soul are the same, and will be to the last; but her energies are declining, and one sees that, with the same rectitude of principle, the resolution flags, the power of decision is lost in timidity.

“Such is the natural, and one may say the necessary, feebleness of age; for, with failing health, it must be difficult to screw up the faculties to the same pitch of active energy that was easy enough when youth or middle age supplied the strength, and hope gave the stimulus to exertion.

“What are we to hope? I feel almost dead and powerless myself. We shall not meet at breakfast to-day. We are become gradually unsociable, though my father has been more cheerful than usual, since he has been down here. Lord Haddon is admirable; he is a friend to every one, and would be more so if

called upon. He is always equal to every occasion: one can say no more, and he is generally beloved in consequence.

“I have been called to my father’s room, where I shall be in a few minutes; Ianthe too is sent for: I wished to have seen her first. There, I hear Löttchen, whom I have no high opinion of, going to her room. Ah! Ianthe once came to me on every occasion; her resource was always in me—now it is altered. There is but a little common sitting-room that lies between our apartments, but it is a hemisphere that divides us. How is this? It must have been my fault at some period; God knows how innocent I am of it! I will—I must call her.

“Ianthe is gone down; I must not delay a moment! Heaven knows what awaits us. I know I have at least good intentions; my courage, my prudence, my skill, may be very deficient—but I trust in God, and he knows I love my sister.

“The scene—the dreadful scene—is over! I have hardly power to write my troubled recollections of it. But it must be done; it is too important to be let pass without some record of it.

“Although I had heard Ianthe go down before me, I found her standing in a state of

extreme nervous excitement in the narrow passage leading to my father's room. She leant with one arm against the wall, trembling, and hardly able to support herself. I came up to her, and took her by the hand, and spoke to her kindly; I asked her to trust me, to believe that I meant nothing but for her good, and that, whatever she might now be about to undergo in the interview with my father, she might be assured that he, however irritated for the moment, could not have any other intention.

“Ianthé pressed my hand, and looked at me with an expression of the most utter misery, and seemed hardly able to articulate a word. At length she said, ‘I believe you, Chrissy; but my fate is fixed, my word is given, and Nicholas, however he may have disappointed some of his friends, is, I most solemnly assure you, the only man who will ever make me happy. You cannot so far think ill of me, Chrissy, to imagine I could ever fix my affections on an unworthy object. No, indeed, I have confidence’——

“Here we were suddenly interrupted by a loud talking inside my father's room; and, ‘Where are they?’ I heard in my father's sternest voice.

“ I thought it best to open the door, and to lead Ianthe at once into the room. Had I not done so, she would never have summoned courage to enter it. I never shall forget that moment.

“ My father was standing near the fire-place, his face overspread with an almost livid paleness, his hands clenched, as if from the necessity of suppressing some violent emotion which might have carried him beyond himself. Nicholas, on the other side of the room, stood near the window, with a face flushed with passion, such as it is not easy to describe. Both appeared to have been fearfully agitated; but there was apparently a pause, a truce, between two strong and opposing natures.

“ My father addressed himself immediately to Ianthe, and spoke as far as I can remember, and I wish to set it down correctly, as the interview is but just over, and the words ring horribly in my ears—

“ “ Ianthe, I have thought proper to send for you, to tell you that no marriage can ever take place between you and Captain Nicholas Brydges. I have already declared the same to him; and making now, in his presence and that of your sister, the same positive and irre-

vocable declaration to yourself, I enforce it with all the solemnity that a father's blessing to be withheld or given can add to my determination. You will both part one from the other here in my presence, with my strictest command never to meet or to correspond again. This is my unalterable determination with regard to my daughter, as long as she shall remain under my care and protection; and, sir, I expect the same line of conduct to be acquiesced in and followed by yourself.

“ ‘Upon this point I never will, or can, give way; and you, Christabelle, I make the witness to what I say. It can never be; and, were my daughter on her death-bed, no change of my will or resolution could take place.’

“My father's voice at last became hoarse and faltering with excessive agitation. It was not merely anger—that had previously found its vent; but a convulsive start, an alternate rigidity of nerve and muscle, with a fitful trembling of his whole frame, bespoke the degree to which his mind had been affected.

“Here Nicholas broke forth into frantic exclamations, accusing my father of pride and savage cruelty to both his daughter and himself. My father had apparently listened to a

similar tirade before, as he took no notice of this; or perhaps his real objections to the match were so powerful as to throw all that words could express into the shade.

“ ‘Ianthe,’ said my father, sternly, ‘I expect your obedience.’

“ ‘I cannot,’ stammered Ianthe. ‘My word is given, my heart is his.’ She wept bitterly. I could not but pity her.

“ ‘This, then, is now no place for you. Retire to your room; and continue there until you hear my pleasure. Go now!’

“Ianthe left the room, more like a slowly moving statue, than anything of life or reason. I was fearful lest she would fall on reaching the passage, and listened, trembling to every sound that fell upon my ear. But the scene within the room where I stood, leaning, not without necessity, for actual support against a table, was sufficient to absorb all my attention.

“A pause ensued, of which I can only say, that it was more oppressive than the storm that had preceded it. I was so unused to violent emotion, that I knew not whether I might not faint, and add another embarrassment. I was making an effort to leave the room, when my father, in a tone of less harshness, but of equal

decision, peremptorily forbade me to go to my sister, or to hold any communication with her for the present. I tried to mediate between the two dear, if not equally dear, persons to me, but was soon convinced it was to no purpose. My father's only words to me were a repetition of this—'Christabelle, it cannot be!'

"Nicholas, in a paroxysm of mingled passion and mortification, drew towards the door, and exclaiming—

"'It is well, my lord duke, if, without feeling for your own flesh and blood; I, a poor foundling, yet unworthy of your angel daughter in nothing but in name, can expect no better treatment at your hands. On leaving your house for ever, I utter but one prayer—that if she, my mother, my more than mother, whose heart, as that of her race and line, was kindness itself, and consideration for all, and yearning, I may say it, with a parental affection for me, of which my lot in this world has deprived me elsewhere—if she can look down and see the fate of her children, she will not blame the sorely tried—but not yet defeated—Nicholas!'

"With these words, he flew out of the room, casting one look at me, not of scorn, not of

pride, as I expected—no; he was too deeply wounded by real grief and exasperation against my father, to be able to give even a passing triumph to his vanity, but a look which said—‘ You see, Christabelle, I am prepared to go all lengths, and that I am not such a dissembler as you suppose. You, at least, are not now the obstacle that stands between me and Ianthe.’

“ I felt all this, even to my inmost soul, as poignantly as if he had uttered it in words. My first wish was to see Ianthe, to break through her habitual reserve with me, and to bring her, if possible, to a sense of duty, if not to a reasonable view of her own position. A moment’s reflection showed me the difficulty of the task. Her last words to me had been—‘ My heart and my word are engaged.’ Though I would have attempted anything, yet I foresaw that, after such an avowal, it was impossible for an impetuous character like hers to recede. But my father’s strong prohibition would equally have stopped me.

“ All this flashed through my mind in an instant. Scarcely had Nicholas left the room, when my father, utterly exhausted, sank into a chair, in a pitiable state of nervousness. Ever

and anon he muttered words to himself, of which I dimly caught the sound, but not the meaning.

“ ‘Daggers, daggers, every word to me! Rash, headstrong girl! But it must not, cannot, shall not be!’

“All this, pronounced and repeated, sometimes in a nearly inaudible whisper, sometimes with tremendous energy, interrupted by deep sighs, and the strong convulsive struggles of a frame too evidently shaken by a mind ill at ease, alarmed me not a little. I wept, I fell on my knees, and entreated him to be calm—to let me try to work upon my sister’s better thoughts—to mediate between all; but no, entreaty was unavailing. He was perceptibly in a state bordering on severe bodily, if not mental, illness; and it was with great difficulty that, after calling his own servant, he persuaded me to leave him, and to seek my rest: needed, indeed, but the more needed the less surely found. Still, I was not to see or speak to Ianthe.

“Midnight. I am now retired to my chamber, but I did not arrive even here undisturbed. In the corridor I met that Löttchen, who said to me, in her artful manner, ‘My lady, Lady

Ianthe sends to know how you are. She cannot see you; she sees no one, but I will convey any message.'

" 'Is my sister in bed?' I asked.

" 'Yes, my lady, and very suffering. She will not rise till late to-morrow, I know; but she sends her love to you.'

" 'I do hope to see her to-morrow,' I cried. 'Give her my best love, and bid her pray to God for strength.'

" 'She has need of it,' muttered the German, significantly; but I said no more, not choosing to enter into explanations with her, whom I knew to be cunning and inquisitive, though I saw she was on the watch for what I might let fall. God knows if she will deliver my message!

I have dismissed my maid, after hearing from her that she saw Captain Brydges go straight out of the house to his boat on the beach, without speaking to anybody except Löttchen, whom he met by accident in the court-yard, and to whom he said (why, it does not appear), that he should be off Pentire Point at daybreak, let the weather be what it might.

" I am now alone. Great God! what thoughts

crowd upon my troubled brain! I kneel, I pray for help, for sister, father—and I know not where to stop, so much does the overwhelming want of help from Heaven strike the heart in distress. Ah! I see now; I have too securely enjoyed prosperity! I thought that a life of innocence and virtue must be ever happy, without care or trouble of mind. But who is exempt from adversity? I mean those changes of circumstance, those wounds that the heart receives, whether by the death—no, thank God, not that—or the rashness and thoughtless conduct of those one loves. So it is with me. I am so unhappy; and yet I feel sure that I do not yet see the worst of it all. What is to come next? Hark! a knock. I am summoned to my father's chamber, to come in ten minutes. This at least gives me time to collect my thoughts. He must be ill: indeed I saw he was, and no wonder, when I left him in the evening. I must go. Stop, another tap! Löttchen again. I wish my aunt had kept her in Germany.

“She only came, she said, by her lady's orders, to give me her love and blessing, with a little token, which she placed on the table,

and hurried off, as if to avoid being questioned. What is it? Merely a folded bit of paper, inscribed,

“For dearest Chrissy.”

Inside was a lock of Ianthe’s hair, and the words,

“With a sister’s love.”

I kissed it with many tears and silent prayers, for I found no words for all I felt, and placed it next my heart, and with it there treasured, I presented myself at the door of my father’s apartment. I was met by his old and faithful valet, who begged me to wait yet a few minutes, while he went to inform my father that I was there.

“In a short time, I was admitted. I found my father sitting up in an easy-chair, with his feet wrapped in flannels, and bearing the traces of deep suffering in his countenance. I was struck by an unusual appearance of debility in him, which, after the energy he had displayed in the morning, was the more remarkable.

“I asked him how he felt, and if he had not been to bed. Without at once answering me, he pointed to a stool where I sat myself down, when he began in a low and tremulous voice to say, that he hoped he had not called me

from my bed—he had been unable to sleep from strong symptoms of gout, which had come on soon after I had left him, and which had threatened a more serious attack. The pain was now, at least temporarily, subdued, and he had something of the highest importance to communicate to me, and felt it a duty, since he had made up his mind, to lose no further time before making the disclosure.

“Harassed as I had been by all the preceding events of the day, I felt but too sure that this was the prelude to some new trial—to something that would call upon me still further for patience, forbearance, and the exercise of that moral courage which I had now, though slowly, learnt the value of. I dreaded hearing something to the disadvantage of poor Ianthé, for that she had deeply offended my father was but too evident; I thought, perhaps, that I myself had been to blame, I knew not wherein, but was ready to accuse myself from a full and overwhelming conviction of my own deficiencies. Tormented by my thoughts, I made no answer; but hoping that in a short time I might be freed from suspense, I sat myself down quietly by my father’s bedside, and holding his feverish hand, which was out-

stretched towards me, I listened attentively to all the new and unexpected circumstances which were disclosed to me.

“My father, though now calm in his manner, betrayed nevertheless the agitation consequent on feverish excitement to such a degree, that I resolved if possible to be only a listener, and to make as few remarks as the subject—of which I was still in utter ignorance—would permit.

““My dutiful and beloved child—you, Christabelle, who have never cost me a moment’s uneasiness, whether in temper or conduct—you, whose discretion and judgment are indeed beyond your years—you deserve, and are now of an age to appreciate, the full confidence of a father. Heaven knows how I sink in making it, how I have prayed God I might be spared the necessity; but circumstances are too strong for me—it is, perhaps, a part of my due punishment that I must be humiliated before my darling, my virtuous child. However, I must do it, and, by God’s help, I will now do my duty—would that I had always felt its weight in equal force!’

““Think not, my child, that I seek to burden your young mind with facts I would gladly

have kept at a distance from it; no, it is despair that makes me speak—despair of keeping that rash, but still dear girl, your sister, out of the reach of harm—that forces upon me, as a last resource, the unfolding of the secret of my breast.’

“ Grave and impressive as my father’s voice and manner always was when in earnest, I never before had been so struck with it as I was at this moment. He sighed deeply, and with an effort resumed his discourse.

“ ‘ Five and twenty years ago, when still a young man, and, as a young man, having always been left by my family too much my own master, I was sailing in the Mediterranean. I had my own yacht and establishment. I went where I liked, and I did what I liked. It is of no consequence now to relate how I became acquainted with the lovely, the unfortunate . . . with one whom I must name . . . Veronica Lanzi. I fell deeply in love with her, and at first, and indeed afterwards, with the most honourable intentions. With her consent, and with the assistance of a priest, whom I then thought honest, we were married, lawfully as I thought, on board my own yacht. We travelled—we lived together—till, in Switzerland, my evil

genius led me to the discovery that my marriage with her, in spite of a priest, witnesses, a British yacht, and every accompanying particular, was not good in law. I had previously kept it secret, but only from motives of convenience, as I felt sure that such a marriage could not fail to be condemned by my family at home, many of the elders of which were then living. I sent her from Switzerland to Corsica, her native country, under the care of one'—here he paused under great emotion—‘of the greatest villains that ever lived. Luigi . . . that was the name of my servant, who was afterwards killed by an explosion of fireworks at Cheyne, not very long after we came to settle there—but some years after the events I speak of.

“ ‘ Before he died, he made a full confession. But I must not anticipate. I sent that unhappy woman—wife she ought to have been—to Corsica, with orders to Luigi to provide her with every comfort, and incautiously, in my wish to serve her, put too large a sum of money into that rascal’s hands for her benefit. That led to her destruction.

“ Meantime, having found out that my incomplete and informal marriage was void in

English law, I had the cowardice, the meanness, nay, give it every name of sin you can devise—I deserve it all—neither to take steps to repeat the marriage ceremony legally, which my paltry feelings with regard to my family told me would be awkward in many respects (as it could hardly be kept secret afterwards)—nor to declare what had taken place before. In a word, I indolently left things as they were, which I soon found most convenient, believing I had secured to Veronica a competence, and, trusting every thing to Luigi, I travelled on, and after a considerable time returned to England.

“ ‘ Now, mark the conduct of that execrable villain. Luigi kept the money I allowed him for that poor girl, gave her, as it turned out at first little, and latterly none, till at last, having carried his treachery out towards her as far as he considered safe, he returned to my service in England, where he told me one day with great unconcern, that he had learnt by his letters from Corsica, that the Signora had died of a fever at Ajaccio, shortly after his departure.

“ ‘ I was even then, though ignorant of the truth, struck with pangs of remorse not to be described. The story of her death was not

then true; but true it was, alas! that mine and Luigi's unprincipled conduct had left her, and her child—of whose existence even then I knew nothing—to poverty and starvation;—she found her way to England—lost, innocent, unfortunate Veronica!’

“Here my poor father became so convulsively agitated, that I rose and would have summoned assistance; but he recovered himself in time to stop me, and continued in broken accents:—

“ ‘God’s mercy do I fervently pray for, both for that unhappy girl, guiltless, negligently left to her fate—by me—and for myself, if I may obtain it.’

“Here, overcome by my own violent emotions, I sank down by the bedside, and, clasping my hands, gave vent to a mixture of distracting feelings in a flood of tears.

“My father, who now seemed steeled to resist all further weakness, after taking a few drops of cordial that stood near him, resumed:

“ ‘You have not heard all. On my arrival in this country, my friends urged me to marry. This place, where I had been much as a boy, and which I loved, had been, with the rest of my property, extremely neglected. It was not

convenient to settle here then, for various reasons, but I formed many plans in anticipation for its future improvement. Shortly after my return, I became acquainted with your most estimable grandfather, whose society was sought after with avidity by some of the most distinguished men of his time. He invited me, as I was going to spend part of that summer in the north of England, to visit him at Cheyne. I did so, and there first saw and loved your angel mother—and so help me God believing myself freed from every moral as well as legal tie by the death of that poor girl, I hesitated not a moment in my choice, and within a very few months became the happy the too happy, husband of my Cornelia!—Yes, too happy! for I felt, and I feel now more than ever, how far from meriting such a blessing I cannot.’

“Here his utterance was choked; but, after a long pause, he proceeded.

“He fixed his eyes vacantly on the ceiling, and in a low voice which was hardly within my hearing, murmured, ‘Why am I not an equally blessed father? Una is lost to me and Ianthe Christabelle, you alone are truly my stay, my prop, the comfort of that

age I feel creeping on. But I have yet more to tell, alas!’

“‘You have heard the story oft repeated of the saving of the I cannot’ here he so nearly fainted that I was alarmed.

“‘Yes, I will tell it. You know the story of Nicholas, the foundling—his mother—the bridge she she was Veronica Nicholas is our child!’

“This was followed by such a violent paroxysm of bodily pain as well as mental agony, that I, not knowing what I did, started up and called his valet, who came instantly.

“He supported him in his bed till the flush of pain was subsided. It was most fortunate I called him in my frenzy, I can give it no other name; for the man’s presence restrained me, or I know not what I might not have done in the abject humiliation I felt at my father’s confession, for such I am obliged to consider it. I was in a fever now. The valet retired. I would have said something. I was speechless.

“‘You know,’ he continued with a fortitude that surprised me, ‘how kind your mother was to that boy—to do him justice, he loves her memory still—what a provision she left him out of tenderness for me—and how she com-

mended him even to the sisterly love of her daughters. Now, judge what feelings his attachment to Ianthe must cause me—to me, on whom his claims, acknowledged in my own heart, strike daily with increased force—though his wayward temper, and mixed character, half chivalrous, half savage, have often driven me near to a separation from him. He ought to have been told his true position at once: 'tis now too late.

“ ‘ You have heard at length my miserable story. Pardon, if at times my remorse and suffering have made me appear reserved to my friends, and morose even to my own family. Oh! what a weight is the consciousness of crime! Irreparable in this world, God grant it be pardonable in the next!

“ ‘ Pardon me, nothing but a duty to your sister would have drawn this from me. You are daughters of that beloved Cornelia, whose generous kindness to this orphan boy has in part led to the calamity. I owe it to her memory, to yourselves, nay, even to that head-strong youth, to put a bar between them. Let me succeed in this, and I have only then to pray to God for pardon for myself.’

“ He paused, and, as if eased of an over-

whelming burden, reclined on his pillow in silence. Then was the trying moment to me. My brain was on fire with all the horrors I saw before me. Ianthe and Nicholas—good gracious God! brother and sister—I too once, had Nicholas not been repugnant to me, might have been in the same position! What things did not this story clear up to me: the mystery of Nicholas' birth, my mother's generosity, my father's patience with him! Then the necessity of thinking of my father as open to culpability to a degree I could not be blind to! It was dreadful. I felt ready to sink into the earth, as I thought something must be done, and that urgently, to save my sister.

“ My duty, as soon as I was able to collect my scattered senses, was plain. I endeavoured to soothe my poor father's spirits by telling him, that since facts were such as he had explained to me, it was certainly best that I should have been made acquainted with them, and that I felt grateful to him at least for that mark of perfect confidence, as well as of dependence on my discretion, implied in the touching upon the subject at all.

“ His painful, but now sincerely repentant,

thoughts now spoke out, when turning on one side he cried,—

“ ‘ Oh, that Clive were here; or my old and tried friend, Gray! They were men who knew God’s word, who knew how to pour balm into the wounds of troubled conscience. Oh! my child, pity your poor father!’ ”

“ I wept, and remained silent. What consolation could one like me offer? At last he fell gently asleep, holding my hand in his, and I was left to my own melancholy and undefinable reflections.

“ The wild day was beginning to dawn stormy and tempestuous. The wind howled, as it does howl on that iron-bound coast. I disengaged myself from my father’s hand, and went softly to the window. I saw the white sails of the yacht just perceptible on the horizon. My head ached as I thought of all that had recently been confided to me. Nicholas, too, had his share of my compassion and better wishes. How much was now accounted for by his false position, and how easily could I now make allowances for much that I had blamed in him! I hoped that, if his true position were made known to him, which I conjectured

must sooner or later be the case, he would with less of wounded pride give up all pretension to Ianthe, as I was convinced that his pursuit of her arose quite as much from the disappointment I had given him, as from any real or deeply founded attachment to her.

“Full of these wandering thoughts, I returned to the bedside, and, as I saw my father opening his eyes, I asked how he found himself after the slight repose he had experienced.

“‘Better,’ he said, ‘but very little better. My mind is more at ease, and I could slumber without painful dreams, which, alas! has seldom been the case with me. Yes, repentance and confession are sovereign remedies to a mind diseased. If they cannot restore, at least they repair, somewhat of the evil consequences of sin.’

“‘Now, papa, let me ask you one thing. Will you allow me to impart that dread secret, the fact of the relationship of Nicholas to us, only to Ianthe? She is the nearest concerned in the complication it produces, and it may be necessary, with her rash and hasty temper, to give the strongest possible reason at once as a corrective to her inclinations, in order to secure

the final separation that must be brought about between her and Nicholas.'

" 'I trust every thing to your own discretion, dear, dutiful daughter. But it must go no further. Any future communication to Nicholas must come from myself.'

"This permission obtained (and it was a great relief to me), I kissed my father's forehead, and disposed him favourably for rest, or, as I hoped, for some refreshing sleep after all he had gone through, and left the apartment.

"What a confusion of ideas and resolutions floated across my brain the moment I left that room! The permission to speak to Ianthe was invaluable, though I understood that, by discretion, it was meant that I should use caution, if not reserve, in doing so. I took my sister's little note and lock of hair from my bosom, and kissed them with many tears. I returned to my room, and threw myself on my knees, praying God to support me and her through whatever trials might befall us; and then, without attempting to sleep, I dressed and resolved to seek Ianthe at once, and disburden my heart of its most weighty care.

"How little does the human mind foresee of

the next day's, the next hour's, trials! Truly, we walk in darkness, and in the shadow of death! I had left my father with a faint hope of having satisfactory tidings to bring him from my sister; his mind, as I saw by his allusions to Mr. Clive and Mr. Gray, had taken the wholesome turn towards religion, which, if it come not too late, never comes in vain; and I trusted Ianthé's submission might complete the restoration of his spirits, now in great need of consolation.

"I was rather apprehensive that on leaving my room I should again meet Löttchen, having fortunately, as I thought, escaped her in the night. I knocked at my sister's door, but received no answer. I opened it, but found no one there. She was gone!

"The spasm at my heart, which I felt as the full conviction of the horrible truth flashed across my brain, had well nigh killed me on the spot. I was falling, I believe, when I found myself in the arms of Lord Haddon, who was supporting me on a seat in the corridor, not far from my sister's room, and who, with evident distress stamped on his countenance, inquired if he should call any one to my assistance.

“‘No, no!’ cried I; ‘would there were no witness on earth! Heaven, outraged heaven, is witness to this unspeakable calamity!’

“Surprised at my vehemence, since the only event he was acquainted with was not quite irremediable, he kindly tried to soothe me, and, holding up a letter in his hand, which I had not till then remarked, said—

“‘You see I have been informed of all. This is a letter from Nicholas, written at the moment he was going off, with your sister on board, and sent back by Bolitto, the pilot, who, in his broad Cornish, told me the wind and tide were so against them, he was sure the yacht could not get off the coast for many hours yet. So there is time, and I had better speak to the duke, as I know all.’

“‘Know all? you know not half that is unutterable!’ I exclaimed, starting up in frenzy. ‘Go to my father; but I must go with you. Time . . . there is no time. . . . O God, grant me thy strength and grace to save my sister!’

“‘I am at your disposal.’

“‘Good Lord Haddon, friend—oh, best of friends! if you will quickly tell my father the fact—the fact. Make no long story; he has no strength, and it will be exhausted in all he has

to tell you—must tell you when you impart this new misfortune—yes, for poor, lost Ianthe's sake, you will hear all, and counsel us what to do.'

"All this had passed as we went along; and, being now arrived at my father's door, I called the valet and said, that Lord Haddon must see the duke instantly. He was admitted. I told him I should await him in the nearest sitting-room.

"In about half an hour, during which time I had leisure to collect myself, and to think with some degree of calmness on the steps to be taken, Lord Haddon returned to me. I trembled violently as I saw him enter the room with a face of horror, but of resolution.

" 'Now I know all,' said he, in a tone of determination. 'Nicholas is at least guiltless of this—and both are in ignorance of the fact. Your father's sufferings were indeed pitiable. He told the story almost as briefly as I related the fact of the elopement. I placed my services at his orders. He referred me to you. I will do any thing to save dear . . . dear . . . Ianthe.'

" 'Oh, grateful shall we be if you, under God, can save that poor devoted girl!'

" 'I have sent for Bolitto. The wind is

freshening, and the yacht cannot get off the land. She is already a little nearer Pendogget than she was an hour ago. With one of their swift Cawsand bay boats, Bolitto and I can gain upon them and stop them. A man will be sent off by land to Gretna as soon as the duke can write a line to forbid the marriage—that he must do himself. I am ordered to bring back your sister at all hazards, even of life. Of Nicholas—no mention. But I am his friend, and, by God's mercy, never more so than now. And now, under his all-powerful guidance, I must begone. Adieu, adieu!

“‘Heaven speed you!’ was all I could articulate.

“Lord Haddon went off to Bude. My feelings can scarcely be described.

“The house was in confusion when it was known that my sister was gone. I felt ashamed to show myself, though none knew more than half the truth; and, with the love of spirit and adventure, perhaps hoped that the fugitives would succeed.

“The medical man who had been called in to my father, and knew only that he was suffering from gout, increased by mental distress, which the elopement at once accounted for,

ordered him to be kept quiet. Fearing my presence would only, under present circumstances, keep up his excitement, and, moreover, feeling quite restless and nervous in the house, where I could do nothing, I took my shawl and went out upon the cliffs, determined at least to see what I could of the yacht and her pursuers.

“Yet, before leaving the house, I was impelled by a dread of something I knew not what, to see my poor father once more. I went to his room, and having heard from the valet that he was tranquil, begged to be let in, on a promise given to the doctor, who was still in attendance, that I would not stay long. I went to his bedside, and found myself totally unable to utter one word. I fell upon his neck, and we mingled our tears in the excess of our misery, but not a word was spoken. Distress has no words for those hearts whose sympathies are in unison with her own.

“From the summit of the cliff on which the ruined walls of Tintagel frown over the western waves, it was easy to see, in looking towards the ocean, that the yacht had little chance of getting clear of the land if the present gale

lasted. It was, unhappily, on the increase, and the meeting of the two vessels was hardly doubtful. So far all was as we wished; but the shrill whistling of the wind, which was evidently rising, filled me with apprehension. Crouched in a corner of the ruins, I watched, as far as the thickness of the atmosphere would allow me, the progress of the rival barks. It was a time of breathless anxiety. I saw them both driving in towards Mort bay, ill-omened shore—but the whole coast is fraught with death in such a tempest as then raged—and I nearly lost sight of them behind a jutting headland, when a slant of wind brought them out again, but only to be in more imminent danger of running ashore immediately beneath the towers of Tintagel.

“I climbed up the remains of an ancient stair to a broken platform, from whence, through a narrow loop-hole, I could more securely discern the frail boats which held all to me most dear. Lord Haddon’s swift cutter had gained upon the yacht, and was already what in calm weather would have been within hail: but in the present raging sea it must have been impossible for those on board the yacht to have

done more than guess at the purport of her mission. That, however, to the conscious pair could not have been difficult.

“The imminent danger of the two boats was so apparent, that a number of seafaring people had collected on the beach to watch, and, if practicable, to assist them. Every crested wave, as it neared the shore, seemed to my mind, already sinking under despair of the result, as if it was the messenger of their fate. At this moment, on looking towards the Beacon rock, I saw a wild and half-clad figure, his hair and raiment streaming to the winds, his arms outstretched to the vacant space of Heaven, looking like a seer of old, and uttering, doubtless, many an incoherent exclamation, which the mighty hurricane in a moment dissipated beyond the power of human ears to recover. It could be none but Gervase, the old man of the cave. It was he, and it seemed to my bewildered brain as if he were there to prefigure the old man of the sea, whose legendary office it was to be the collector of the bones of our race.

“The wind now set in so full on shore, and the spray and mist thickened so fast about me, that for a time I lost sight of the struggling

vessels, until a sudden flash of lightning revealed them at no very great distance from the land, but in a position of the greatest peril. The thunder that succeeded was terrific—then all was gloom.

“ I instantly left my retreat, and hurrying with all the speed I was capable of against the fearful blast of the wind, soon found myself on the loose and rugged shingle at the base of the Beacon rock. But, lo! what a sight awaited me! No boat was visible; only the yacht at a greater distance than I had imagined, fixed sideways on a reef of rocks, and evidently breaking to pieces.

“ The cries of the seamen on the shore, ‘ They are all lost—not one, not one saved, nor can be saved!’ were the last sounds I heard. I listened to none; my straining eyes were riveted on the yacht, where I saw, or thought I saw, my unhappy sister in an agony of terror falling into the arms of Nicholas, and both at one swoop carried off by a white surge that rose high above the yacht’s deck. That was the last sight these wretched eyes beheld. I say, beheld clearly; for, as I fainted, I seemed to see a confused vision of snow-white breakers falling around me, mingled with an apparition of the

Hermit of the Rock, and my poor, lifeless sister borne by the mountain-waves till she was laid—in the stillness of death—at my very feet.

“I saw no more—or I know not what I saw—the details I heard a long time afterwards. I was carried by some of our people to the house, and woke but slowly to a full sense of all our miseries.

“I heard afterwards, when my poor sister’s sad death was certain, that the brave Haddon had perished in the waves—in the very attempt to rescue her whom he truly, faithfully loved, and from whom no return could be hoped. Such is the courage of virtue. Blessed are they who die in the Lord!

“O God! there seemed no end to my wretched trials. I turned to thee, and only in prayer found consolation for the past, and strength for the future.

“Nicholas, the shadow of his former self, broken, abased, the very spectre of the departed, the only living remnant of that gallant crew, preserved, as it seemed, miraculously from a similar fate, (he had been washed ashore to all appearance lifeless, but, after a time, was restored to life and full consciousness of his misery,) presented himself once more, and only

once—at Botreaux castle-gate. Spurned thence by my father—his father—with words I dare not repeat, and for which frenzy, perfect frenzy, was the only and the true excuse, he left it in a state of despair not to be conceived. We met—oh yes! we met before he left that fated spot—and then it was my faltering tongue that revealed the whole, the fatal truth, to him.

“‘Unhappy Nicholas wretched, most wretched Christabelle!’ Then, with a wild vehemence that spoke the anguish of his soul, he clasped me to his breast with many a fond adieu. Now was no jealousy, no pride, no resentment—all was subdued, save the bitter pang of grief and remorse. I spoke tenderly to him, as I felt, and at the word ‘brother,’ which I lovingly used, he looked, he could not speak his gratitude, and tore himself away.

“I returned to my sad but solemn duty, to tend my heart-broken father, and to mourn the dead in solitude and prayer. Lord Haddon’s body was found soon after, and carried to his family burying-place in the midland counties, followed by the sincere regret of all who knew that most amiable and ill-fated man.

“But it must have been an awful vision that my disordered senses perceived when fainting

on the sea-shore; for the dear remains of my lost sister were not recovered till three days later, at some distance upon the coast. Dark and deadly shore! cruel and raging sea! False and treacherous element, that bereft me of two sisters, one still in life indeed, but lost to me the other taken from me for ever!

DIRGE.

I.

Who be these riders on steeds of foam,
O'er the crests of the troubled sea?
And lo! one paler than all the rest,
He beareth a maiden upon his breast—
He beareth her unto me, to me!
He beareth her unto me!

II.

Tell me, pale chief of the shadowy band
That troop o'er the wild, wild wave;
Why bearest thou home that lifeless form,
Is it in mercy—or bitter scorn,
If not in love to save, to save—
If not in love to save?

III.

“Men call me Reaper on Earth,
And Fisherman of the Sea;
I bring thee thy wept,
Whom I might have kept—
At the voice of thy misery—
At the voice of thy misery!

IV.

“By yon ruin’d church on the beacon rock,
There, in salt seaweed, let her shrouded lie;
Cover her head with the turf’s sweet thyme,
— Half shall be thine—tho’ half is mine—
Who in her spring did die . . . did die—
Who in her spring did die.

V.

“Carry her deck’d as my Ocean-bride
With pearls of the deep, deep sea,
To her lonely grave,
Where the wind and wave
May chaunt their victory—
May chaunt their victory!

CHAPTER IV.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
 Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

MILTON.

Of those that rowme was full, and them among
 There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
 Who did them meditate all his life long,
 That through continuall practise and usage
 He now was growne right wise and wondrous sage.

* * * * *

This man of infinite remembrance was,
 And things foregone through many ages held,
 Which he recorded still as they did pas,
 Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,
 As all things els the which this world doth weld.

SPENSER.

“ AJACCIO IN CORSICA.

“ I resume my journal after nearly three years' cessation, and it is with a sense of renewed affliction that I return to an occupation that was once my solace and delight.

“ We are now travelling, and a journal is

almost an indispensable companion, if one wants to store up reflections for the future. Yet, hitherto, my thoughts have run so exclusively to the past—that past, which has been full of grief to me—that the future, far from holding out a hope of happiness in life, seems to me to be hardly worth caring for. Oh! my sisters, for you I once wrote a journal of my early days—young immature thoughts, and opening aspirations, sketched under prayer to Heaven for your future benefit—but where are you now? My dreams of happiness in this world were centred in your good, and hopes of a long companionship in sisterly love and affection; I am now alone, not alone in the world, for it would be ingratitude to say so, and selfishness to repine when I am, and not unjustly, envied by many. But how often have I not been made to feel that happiness is a positive, and not a comparative, quality; I see joy in the lowest station of life—care in the highest—the only remedy is duty; and, while I have a father, a friend—while Nicholas remains to me—be duty my resource and my consolation.

“I wrote the last scenes at our ill-fated Botreaux, under the excitement, and with the energy, of that most trying time; but the pen

once laid down, I found myself incapable of resuming it.

“ We have now made a cruise of about two months, in a yacht my father has had built on purpose, I believe, to carry into execution the plan of our present voyage. I have enjoyed the sailing better than I expected, having been so fearful of it—alas, not without reason!—on our own coasts. The warm climate, and the beautiful scenery of the Mediterranean, have done much to revive my spirits. My father has also benefitted by it; but the prospect of doing some good to whatever kin he may discover of the unfortunate mother of poor Nicholas, has, more than any thing, given life to his exertions, though as yet they have been fruitless.

“ The last two years we have been either at Cheyne or in London; in the latter without mixing with the world, though in the country we had a little society occasionally. My father will not see Nicholas, and never mentions him now, though his intentions towards him are most liberal. Nicholas, from whom I now and then receive a letter, avowed that, after his terrific repulse from the very door of Botreaux, he returned to London, not only broken down in

spirit, but with great misgivings as to the future prospects of his life. After a time, he could not delay going to his bankers, and upon asking doubtfully whether the usual payment had been received for that quarter, was most astonished to learn that it had been doubled. He repressed his surprise, but confesses to me, that although thankful for the benefit, he feels sore under the obligation, and principally because, to a spirit like his, the feeling of not being allowed to testify his gratitude for the boon, is more galling than the receiving it under present circumstances.

“I have written to him frequently, urging him to restrain even his natural feelings for the present, and await the future. I trust that by showing him kindness, and giving him what little good advice I can, I may better than ever fulfil my mother’s injunction—which now in its true sense we both understand—to treat him as a brother. I say in its true sense, because other pretensions on his part being impossible, I may be to him what he most wants—a sincere and disinterested friend.

“We are lying in the harbour of Ajaccio: we have made an excursion to Bastia; we have inquired of the local authorities, and of the

heads of villages, for any of the name or kin of her whom our soul seeketh. Veronica Lanzi, was little known; and her relations, few and obscure, seem to have died, or to have left the country. My father's haggard and care-worn countenance at all times, except when he fancies he has found a clue to her family, is daily more apparent to me. I have already endeavoured to familiarize him with the idea of giving some considerable charity to the parish in which we know she was born, and so terminating our present search, or it may be endless. Change of scene, I see, is again necessary for him; but, without satisfying his mind, at least so far as to make him consent to a pause in his researches, he will never leave Corsica, and the season of malaria is at hand.

“My father has consented to my suggestion. He has left a large sum with the podestà of Ajaccio, to be given in well-regulated charity to the hospitals and other public establishments of the town, in the name of a friend of the late Veronica Lanzi, in the hopes that the introduction of her name may lead to some researches, or at least quicken curiosity as to the remaining persons of that family, should any exist. If this should produce any result, the podestà is

to write to my father either in England or at Malta, communicating whatever intelligence he may receive.

“One of my chief pleasures now is in corresponding with Mrs. Murray, that good, tried friend of my youth; and I really believe that my accounts of all we do and see abroad will be one of the most satisfactory returns I can make to her for years of happiness past, and I trust the seeds of true contentment for the future; that is all I pray for—happiness is for youth and I am old before my time. She is settled in a nice little cottage at the corner of Cheyne park, which I have fitted up and ornamented quite to her own taste. The first year after our misfortune, she lived with us at Cheyne, and was every thing to me; but as soon as my father talked of going abroad—and he has been two years thinking of it—she said it was time for her to think of retirement, and we knew that, as she did not resolve hastily, she was not used to change her mind easily; so the present arrangement has been the consequence. A niece of hers, of whom we already knew something, lives with her, as she is too infirm to move about much, though her mind is as strong as ever.

“I accompanied my father in one or two excursions to different villages where he wished to make inquiries; I found the mule-riding fatiguing, and prefer the visits we have made to some of the places on the coast in the graceful feluccas of the Corsicans. The country is very picturesque, and the climate as yet delightful. When we leave this, we shall run over to the coast of Sardinia, which is wilder still, and whose mountains we see every day for some time in sailing up here. The early mornings are so delightful, whether on sea or on shore, that I never miss being up to see the sunrise: I often call to mind Milton’s lines—

‘ Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower
Glist’ring with dew.’——

“Our visit to Sardinia was of use to all of us, in diverting our attention in some degree from what already began to appear to me as a hopeless pursuit; and I was glad to get a promise from my father, that we should afterwards sail straight for the bay of Naples, and spend some time there, for the purpose of visiting its beauteous shores.

“We coasted the island of Sardinia on the

western side, without landing, except at Magdalena, nearly opposite to Corsica. The season for malaria was said to have already begun, and we made the capital, Cagliari, the principal object of our voyage. There we landed, and having given our letters of introduction to the governor, requested his advice and help as to seeing something of the interior. In what my father had often told me was the true Italian style of assistance afforded to travellers, the marchese, for such he was, told us that nothing was more easy, his power was unlimited; he was the *alter ego* of the king; that Sardinia was, in fact, the very finest island in the habitable world, except perhaps England, which he had never seen, and never was likely to see; that he could defend us against the banditti, the Jews, if there were any under his Christian dominion, and the Turks, who had landed in his grandfather's time, and might do so again: and almost against the malaria.

“My father, who understood the Italians, said, that neither he nor any body else, could doubt his excellency's power, and hoped he would exert it by giving us an escort, and telling us what objects in particular to visit.

“ ‘Noragghe, Signor Duca, noragghe, queste

sono le più belle antichità del mondo e si dice che in Roma dove sono ogni sorta d'antichità che possono trovarsi nel mondo, noragghe pure non ve ne sono.'

" ' Allora andiamo a vedere le noragghe,' said my father.

"The governor pressed us to defer going till the next day, by which time he would have a noble escort provided for us, all of the bravest men in Cagliari, and meanwhile invited us to come in the evening to his box at the opera, and afterwards to meet an *academia nobile* on the balcony of his palace, where we might eat ices, and talk over our intended excursion.

"At this moment, we heard the beating of drums, and soon after a long and rapid explosion of crackers, upon which his excellency excused himself, upon the plea of having to attend a procession of the Madonna, and civilly led us to an open loggia, where we might remain to view it at our leisure. A laquais then brought iced water and lemons, and we withdrew.

"The spectacle, though new, was neither edifying nor imposing, and the principal reflection it awakened in me was, that if Bernard Clive had been there, it might have furnished him with matter for many a sermon, in the

evidence which it afforded of the poverty of all formal worship, when not supported by the enthusiasm of its first authors.

“In the evening, as invited, we went to the governor’s private box at the theatre, he himself being with his officers in the state-box: he came to visit us, however, more than once in the course of the performance. It was ‘Cenerentola,’ tolerably well performed by a company of no great pretensions.

“The piece being concluded, we returned on foot, enjoying the warm air and the brilliant moonlight, which showed off the picturesque buildings to the greatest advantage.

“The next morning, we started at daybreak on our expedition, but to our great surprise found that our ‘nobile scorta’ was reduced to two ill-mounted gendarmes, or guardia urbana, provided with a biglietto to the heads of the villages we were to pass through, to turn out every disposable man in our defence against *la comitiva di Gallura*, a band of ruffians who infested the mountains of that district, and who had lately even approached the capital in spite of his excellency.

“The governor very politely attended to see us off, and excused himself from taking the

office of our cicerone to the nuragghe, because there was another procession to take place that day, which it was his duty to attend. As for himself, he was grieved beyond measure at not being able to accompany us, never having visited the famed nuragghe in his life; my father said he probably never would, unless some traveller induced him to go there.

“ ‘Ma eccellentissimo Signor Duca, e carissima signorina miledi, perchè andare tanto lontano quando si può vedere tutte queste benedette nuragghe figurate al vivo in un libro stampato che si vende in Torino? Non immaginate mai le montagne, le rupi, le salite, le calate, erte, strette, luoghi da lupi, e peggio di lupi assai che c'è la banda del Fra Petruccio di Gallura che non si sa dove sia?’

“His excellency would have gone on persuading us to stay, had not my father, growing impatient, made his bow, and spurred his horse onwards: we all followed at a slow pace, not sorry to have begun our entry into the country of Sardinia. I believe the worthy man was only afraid of being obliged in courtesy to accompany us himself, and to run an unnecessary risk of meeting *la comitiva de' briganti*, of which, in spite of his own vast power, he had so lively

an apprehension. Our guide told us afterwards, that nothing would have been a stronger inducement to the banditti, had there been any, to attack us than the presence of the governor with so feeble an escort, there being, as it seemed, no regular troops disposable for such a service at that moment.

“On we went, enjoying every moment the novelty of the scene and the increasing beauty of the country. We passed several small and rather dilapidated villages, peopled by a set of primitive-looking inhabitants, who had not, to my eyes, any appearance of being brigands. My father had taken the precaution of sending forward his servants, with all the conveniencies we could transport on baggage mules, to the place where we were to sleep. This was in the house of the head man of the village, to whom the note of the governor had specially introduced and recommended us.

“Perched on the summit of a mountain, and enjoying a delicious view over a well-wooded valley towards the distant sea, this abode was one of the most picturesque, but at the same time one of the most uncomfortable, it was ever my lot to inhabit. I will not say how we slept; but we were only too happy to rise

before the dawn to begin our journey to the Nuragghes in time to reach them before the heat of noon. We took provisions with us, and made ourselves independent of all but our guides, leaving our baggage at the village to wait our return.

“This day’s journey took us down to a plain, partially cultivated, but mostly given up to gigantic weeds and ferocious-looking buffaloes. The air was hot, though it was brisk enough not to be oppressive; but the stagnant pools, tall canes, and desert appearance of the district, but too plainly proclaimed its tendency to malaria.

“At length, we reached those singular buildings, which are called Nuragghes. Something like hollow sugar-loaves, or pigeon-houses of massive architecture, they stand monuments of a race gone by, whose history it is impossible to recall.

“In the cool shade afforded by one of the least ruined of these buildings we found shelter for our repast. We examined, drew, measured, and conjectured, but at last were obliged to leave them in the same obscurity which has enveloped them for ages, and return slowly to our quarters.

“The ride homewards in the cool of the evening was still more heavenly than in the morning. We arrived at our late quarters weary, but satisfied with our excursion.

“Next morning, after taking our coffee with our host, the cavaliere Don Silvestro, he insisted on taking us to a sort of cairn or mound, to see the magnificent view coloured by the brilliant rays of the rising sun. Nothing could be more beautiful than the gradual dispersion of the mists, as they floated away from the mountaintops, and disclosed the bay of Cagliari, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean. The air was cool, though no breeze was stirring, and, as we pushed our way among the dew-bespangled shrubs of myrtle and lentiscus, which sprung from every crevice in the rock, and diffused their balmy odours around us, not a little strengthened by that of the fragrant bushy thyme, whose lilac flowers we crushed at every step, my father asked Don Silvestro whether perchance any interment had been discovered beneath the cairns in that neighbourhood. ‘Moltissimi, eccellenza,’ replied our host, ‘e sono sempre ossa di giganti. Perchè gli antichi Saidi antecessori nostri giganti, Titani, che so io? erano colossi. Subitò le faccio

vedere,' added he, as if a sudden thought struck him; and, requesting us to re-enter the house before mounting our mules, he brought out two enormous bones, which, as the worthy man believed, were those of his ancestors in the times of the patriarchs, but which my father declared were the remains of some mammoth or leviathan, or at least of some primeval bison, who had left a very inadequate representative in the spare, wizened figure of Don Silvestro. This incident enlivened us not a little, and, after thanking the cavaliere for his hospitality, we returned to Cagliari.

"On our return to Cagliari, we were received with wonder and congratulations by the governor, whose surprise broke into loud exclamations, when he heard that we had actually been so far up the country without any molestation from '*i malviventi*,' as he termed the robbers, and said it was now certain that the system he had adopted, was gradually stopping the brigandage of Sardinia.

"*Perchè sapete, eccellenza mia, che noi abbiamo un sistema, e questo consiste nella fortissima risoluzione che ho preso io, di non mai far niente—prima che non sia necessario.*'

"We could hardly suppress a smile at the

self-laudation of the governor, and, after inviting him to visit our yacht, and to take an English breakfast on board, which he willingly accepted, we sailed the following day for Sicily and Malta.

“ After a short time passed in those islands, where the heat made travelling daily more inconvenient, my father, who was always apprehensive about my health, took the advice of an English physician at Valetta, and sailed direct to Naples, where he thought we could spend the rest of the summer and autumn in greater comfort. We had pleasant breezes at sea, and fine moonlight nights, in one of which we entered the lovely bay of Naples, in time to anchor at sunrise next morning.

“ One of my father’s objects in coming to Naples, was to have a meeting with Sir Frederic Perceval, my guardian, with whom he had hitherto been but slightly acquainted. Sir Frederic had a villa at Sorrento, and it was our first business after landing, to make some inquiries as to the name, and the position in which it lay. Having succeeded, though not without some difficulty, in obtaining the required information, my father immediately wrote to Sir Frederic, proposing to visit him

as soon as the necessary business of establishing ourselves at Naples should allow him leisure to do so.

“This communication produced an invitation from Sir Frederic to come to his villa at Sorrento in the course of the following week, at the same time that he announced his intention of coming to Naples the next day to call upon us.

“My father’s wish was to make me acquainted with my guardian (or rather trustee, since my father alone was my personal guardian), and to enable me to converse with him on matters respecting my future property without restraint, whenever a necessity should arise for it.

“The next morning, or rather towards noon, after we had returned from an early and cursory inspection of the invaluable treasures of antiquity contained in the Herculanean gallery, we saw, on looking out of our *loggia*, which commanded an ample view of the blue waters of the bay, a boat, with picturesque triangular sails peculiar to the Mediterranean, making directly for the landing-place nearest to the hotel where we lodged. I had hardly begun to remark the course she was steering, when the sails were furled, and the men, standing to their oars, rowed her up to the quay.

In a few minutes, our bell rang, and Sir Frederic Perceval was announced.

“Although his presence was far from unexpected, my curiosity was, I confess, immediately excited to the highest degree. The door opened, and a tall gentlemanly man of about forty, with a pleasing, but rather a serious cast of countenance, entered the room, and introduced himself to my father.

“Sir Frederic was dressed in a light costume suited to a Neapolitan summer, but had not the slightest affectation of youthfulness unsuited to his age. His hair, already grey, and his near-sightedness, were sufficient to repel any such assumption, had it been there; while, at the same time, his light step, and easy, yet simple manner, gave him at times an appearance belonging to a time of life some years less advanced than the reality. On his first entrance, he did not seem to perceive me; but when my father turned round and introduced him to me by name, he made a graceful apology for his near-sightedness, which was, he said, the cause and the excuse for many acts of omission that were doubtless laid to his charge in society.

“We very soon became acquainted, and I

perceived that his conversation and manners made a very favourable impression on my father.

“The weather being now very hot, Sir Frederic recommended us to make a trip to Sorrento by water, and promised to send his own *lancia*, or pleasure-boat, the same we then saw beneath our windows, early some morning in the following week, to fetch us to his villa.

“This being arranged, we spent the intervening days in seeing the beautiful and interesting collections, or in visiting the remarkable places for which Naples is so famous. But, as I have begun a separate journal for works of art, and other remarkable objects of our travels, which the number of such details rendered necessary in Malta and Sicily—and it will be still more so in Rome and in Tuscany—I shall keep this book more especially for the personal record of my own thoughts, and the general occurrences of my life. I began it quite a little girl, and then thought it a vast undertaking; it has since become my chief pleasure and consolation in many troubles and vexations.

“The day came, and, as the sun was just rising in splendour from behind the lofty Apennines, we embarked in Sir Frederic’s *lancia*, which he had sent on purpose for us, and with

the land breeze still in our favour darted across the bay to Sorrento, where we found our host already waiting on the Marina to receive us.

“Nothing can be prettier than the little coves which indent the bold volcanic shore of that most lovely peninsula. Each has its yellow strand on which the blue waters of the bay break with a gentle ripple; the lofty tufa cliffs overhang the deep and shady grottoes in which the nymphs of ocean might be thought to bathe; while the deep green of various southern shrubs, the olive, the lentiscus, and the myrtle, lends a richness of colouring to the landscape which harmonizes well with the bright hues of the climate. Often a watch-tower crowns the rock, or the ruin of some embattled wall opposes a barrier now more apparent than real to the landing of the stranger.

“Sir Frederic gave us a hearty welcome, and, having provided donkeys to convey us to his villa, we lost no time in proceeding to the upper plain or table-land of Sorrento. Our path was a singular one: it was a succession of steps nearly the whole way, forming the bottom of a ravine so narrow, that the light of day hardly penetrated its gloom. Nothing could be more agreeable than its freshness; long pendent fes-

toons of glossy ivy hung waving in the breeze from the damp rocks on either side of us, and unknown flowers invited the hand to pick them from every projection of the precipitous walls of our natural staircase. When near the top, we passed under a bold, but light arch, which spanned the gulf, but far above our heads; and soon emerging, as it were, from the bowels of the earth, we found ourselves in the midst of the luxuriant orange-gardens of the plain of Sorrento.

“Here the scene changed. We seemed to be in a labyrinth of hot stone walls, and the closeness of the air would have been oppressive had not occasional openings towards the sea admitted the most invigorating breezes, fresh without being cold, and soft without the alloy of damp. The green shade of the overhanging orange-trees, and their delicious perfume, enhanced the luxurious temperature of the climate. Turning a sharp corner, we found ourselves opposite an iron gate between two stone pillars, where Sir Frederic, dismounting, told us we were his guests, and insisted on leading my palfrey safely past an enormous Calabrese wolf-dog, whose fierce aspect and

deep-toned growl sufficiently showed his natural dislike to strangers.

“The villa itself was a plain building, though large. It was approached by an alley of different sorts of fruit-trees, now loaded with their rich produce. On either side the steps by which we entered the house, stood an enormous doubled-blossomed oleander, whose flowers, of the size of roses, perfumed the air with their nut-like fragrance.

“A large but empty hall occupied the centre of the house: the living rooms were on either side. The floors were all of red tile, well coloured and glazed, and covered only in part by mats, or small Persian carpets near the windows, which opened directly on a terrace commanding the most beautiful view it is possible to conceive. Some plants of tuberose and geraniums, placed alternately with handsome stone vases, in which grew aloes of gigantic size, were ranged along the wall; a waving tent or canopy of broad striped blue and white cotton (under which was a carpet with table and chairs already laid out for an early repast) took up one end of the terrace, while the other was covered by a trellis of

vines now richly hung with grapes. Downwards the view plunged into the azure, green, or purple waters, ever changing their hue as the cameleon—while the soft murmur of the silver wave, as it gently lashed the shore, invited the weary to a luxurious repose.

“Upwards, the blue vault, illumined by an almost too brilliant sun, diffused, by reflection, its own harmonious tint over all visible objects; while through the thin misty film that softened the horizon, were seen the outlines of the islands of Capri and Ischia, and the nearer mountains of Vesuvius and Somma.

“Sir Frederic, whose pleasing manners shone particularly in the cordial welcome with which he made us at home in his villa, made a point of our staying some days with him. He wished to show my father the neighbouring country in a greater degree of detail than falls to the lot of common travellers, and to take him to some excavations which he had obtained leave to make at his own expense, and in which he had discovered the foundations of a Roman bath.

“Every day after that of our arrival, he invited some acquaintances worth our meeting to dinner; and in the evening, it was the custom

of the country for those whom he knew to come in to tea or ices without formality. In this way, I had the opportunity of seeing some of the most distinguished Italians, besides foreigners of distinction, who came to the villages on the coast to pass the summer.

“As soon as it was known that there was a lady in the house, I had no lack of visitors. I found a small, but select library, in which were many books of research, principally relating to the country we were in, from which I drew the requisite information as to the various objects of interest we were to visit.

“Every evening, when the sun was low, and the lengthening shadows of the mountain afforded a breath of cool and sober-coloured country, in which we could take the air without oppressive heat or glaring sunshine, we rode to some fine spot either up the hills or along the coast. Some friends occasionally joined us, but, for the most part, I was left to the care and attendance of Sir Frederic. He seemed most anxious to please me, and the attentions of a man naturally so distant and reserved, yet so cultivated and so capable of making himself agreeable, were so much the

more flattering in my eyes, that I knew they would not have been thrown away upon any person to whom he was indifferent.

“My father’s health and spirits were so much improved by this new mode of life, that I encouraged, as much as I could, his acceptance of Sir Frederic’s proposal, that we should prolong our stay with him, at least until the following week, when my father, as well as myself, wished to return to Naples, in expectation of letters from Una by the next mail.

“This arrangement gave us time to visit nearly every village and convent in that enchanting peninsula, to ascend every conspicuous rock, and to sketch some of the most beautiful scenes in the district. Sometimes we made short excursions round the point, or over to Capri in the *lancia*, and as, in seeing a new country, curiosity is usually excited as fast as it is gratified, each successful expedition did but add to our boldness in projecting newer and more distant ones. My father even talked of taking us in his yacht, with a party of Sir Frederic’s friends, along the coast of Calabria, and even to the island of Stromboli.

“For the present, however, we were contented with the mountains, and surely nothing

more picturesque in nature was ever imagined than those lofty tops which connect Sorrento with the mainland of Italy. Sir Frederic was, in these trips, constantly at my side, explaining the peculiarities of the people and country, pointing out new beauties, or historical particulars relating to them, naming the distant mountains, and numerous scattered hamlets, which lie, as it were sprinkled, in southern fashion, over the face of the land, and even listening to my new and ignorant remarks with attention.

“One evening, I was sketching a fine beech-tree of venerable antiquity, when he observed to me, ‘How much pleasure is derived, or rather perpetuated, by the simple talent of drawing! These rural scenes that occupy us but an hour, and are but the pretexts for our amusements, when transferred to paper or to canvass, become memoranda for life; they are able to recall to us, wherever we may be, country, friends, thoughts, and ideas, that would otherwise perish.’

“‘You attribute too much to my drawing, Sir Frederic,’ said I.

“‘I think not,’ he continued; ‘at any rate, not to the spirit that animates the drawing.

For I set no value upon mere finish, the artistic skill of a common mind or of a laborious workman; what I require in a painter is to understand Nature, and to represent her faithfully.'

" 'That is what I try to do; but, I fear, without succeeding.'

" 'You need not be afraid, if all your drawings are conceived with such intelligence, and executed with such spirit as this.'

" 'When we return to Naples, I hope you will accompany us to the great galleries, and point out what I ought to copy. I am but a learner, and you must have had the opportunity of forming a good opinion on works of art. There will be much to read too, I fancy, before fixing one's judgment with any degree of security upon the different schools of painting in general.'

" 'That, to me, has been one of the most interesting peculiarities of art; that is, of art studied as it ought to be, in conjunction with the higher faculties of the mind.'

" 'All this I hope to acquire by degrees; or, at least, to gain such an insight into the principles of art, exemplified as they are in Italy by its noblest works, as will serve to occupy

and make interesting many a dull hour hereafter at home.'

" 'I am sorry,' said Sir Frederic in an altered tone and manner, 'that you look forward to any dull hours at home—worse still, if you expect many.'

" 'Oh! nobody can expect to be always in a round of gaiety, nor do I like it; my happiness is of a quieter tone of colouring, like the mellow shades of these graceful beech-woods, which I admire so; we have some almost equal to them at Cheyne.'

" 'Then you are severe upon old England, if, acknowledging that your happiness is not in gaiety, you still call that happiness dull. Ah, you are young, or you would not make such a confusion of terms! I, living here as a solitary, call my own way of life artistic, literary, itinerary, if you please, for I am always roaming—happy, but not dull. I hope I have not been dull since your coming here?'

" 'Not to us, I am sure,' replied I, laughing. 'Perhaps dull is not the word. I meant that, years hence, perhaps, I should take up this sketch at Cheyne on a rainy day, when I had nothing to do, and colour it, or copy it, and

think of the happy hours and bright skies of Sorrento.'

" 'That is enough to ease my mind. Only speak not of dulness in regard to any employment of your life, present or future: for I am sure you have the power to ward off dulness, if ever any one had.'

" 'I think the mellow colouring which I have tried to hit off with my chalks is now sobered into a grey, which warns us to seek our ponies. My father, too, will like to go home early.' I rose, shutting up my book, and we slowly descended the mountain; Sir Frederic preferred walking, and led my pony the whole way back to the villa.

" I like Sir Frederic's manner. It is always reserved at first, but without any formality or pretensions to that sort of stateliness, which one sees in persons accustomed to receive much company in their own house. I do not insert in my journal, even for my own private reading—in a dull hour, if I am allowed to say so—all the complimentary things he said; perhaps I shall remember them, nevertheless. He never is common-place, never makes a direct compliment, but says so many things from which one may extract a compliment,

always taking the whole responsibility—which is awful—upon one's-self—that I can fancy that his conversation is generally acceptable to ladies. Yet I was told that he ignored them altogether. I cannot suppose he talks to me differently from other people. We return to Naples to-morrow, and he meets us next week for Vesuvius—it will be very pleasant.

“We are now returned to our enjoyable hotel at Naples. Papa is gone himself to the post-office, as he expects letters from Una. I am very anxious about her, and write on, to prevent myself from dwelling on melancholy reminiscences—and I may say anticipations; for an acute recollection of the past is but too apt to colour the prospect of the future. I have just now little to record. We made one more delicious excursion to the point of Campanella, and to the pass called Scaricatojo. I drew a great deal, picked beauteous flowers, listened to the droll Italian of the boys, and heard, without listening, a great deal of Sir Frederic's conversation. He must have thought me very absent, always at work with my pencil, though I am sure I asked him questions from time to time. When we go to Vesuvius, I will be better company.

“There are no letters from Una. The newspapers say, however, that a New Zealand mail is come in, and that the letters will be distributed the next week, so we may have them on Thursday. My father has got a letter either from or about Nicholas, which seems to disturb him. I know not what it is, but I shall not ask. He has proposed a delightful trip to me. We are to go in the yacht, first to Castellamare, where Sir Frederic will come on board early in the morning; we shall then sail all round the islands without landing, see some of the tunny fishery, and, we hope, be at home again in reasonable time at night. Sir Frederic will stay a week with us at Naples, and we shall see a great deal together. So the night for Vesuvius is not fixed, but we shall take any one within the week when it may look promising.

“Our letters from Una are arrived. She writes very happy and very interesting letters. Now she has made as many as three long excursions up the country, she writes with more knowledge, both of it and of the people. Nothing can exceed the beauty of her descriptions; and I can fancy that if this country were to return to its desert state, it would, with its fine skies,

bright sun, and rich dark verdure, be something like the present state of New Zealand. I am more pleased with being here, and I shall tell her so, since it has made me understand her accounts better.

“Mr. Clive bears his fatigues and the climate well. Una is well, but says she feels the toil of journeying in such a country much, though enjoying it on the whole. Their chief difficulty now is a moral one. Mr. Clive doubts whether it be the more right, where savages have an idea of a great, all-powerful, all-pervading Deity, whom they believe to have made and to govern the Universe, to adopt that notion of a Supreme Being, and call him God, even our God, or to reject it as a mere abstract notion—a bare acknowledgment of a principle—and to begin *de novo*, teaching that the only God is our God, as proclaimed in the Bible, and going on to the Christian dispensation.

“The question, conscientiously put, seems at first sight a difficult one; but I shall tell Una my opinion freely, as she has a more profound thinker at hand to correct my crude ideas. I think, then, that it is a question that depends for solution on its merits—that is, that if the savage’s conception of a God is pure, universal,

beneficent, and just—still more, if they think his justice to be vigilant and retributive, it is not yielding too much to recognise, in their dim reverence for such a divinity, one of those obscure visions of the true God which are acknowledged to have existed among the ancient heathens. All were not expected to understand, or even to know, the previous history of the Jewish dispensation; but rather to engraft the promises of Christ upon the belief in God, who is ever one and the same, when divested of the heavy mask of superstition and untruth with which ignorance, worldliness, and vice, have in all ages placed between Him and us.

“Una complains a little of the conduct of other missionaries in the islands, who are of different sects. On arriving there they found much greater difficulty than they expected in converting the natives; upon which they turned round and began trying to convert one another, as well as the colonists, who came out from England for other purposes than sectarian controversy. This has, of course, been very annoying; but Mr. Clive and she go their own way, fixed in principle, unflinching in purpose, and supported both in moral and physical strength by that sustaining Power which

allows them not to hesitate in their onward course. She has sent my father a number of curious things, which we shall find on our return to England.

“In these letters she does not allude in the least to our dear sister’s loss. It is now three years since that catastrophe; her first letters, after receiving the news, were such as I expected from her pious and loving heart; but she has now, I see, both wisely and religiously forborne to recur to a calamity which all must be prepared for in our transitory state, and she teaches resignation by example rather than preaching.

“My father is pleased to find by her letters to him that she is happy; but, I am sure, as he grows older he does feel the want of another most attentive daughter, near him.

“We are just returned from a very long day’s sail round the islands. The weather was delightful, though warm, and Sir Frederic very agreeable. We took some of our Italian friends with us, who explained a great deal to us as we sailed along. The volcanic shape and glowing verdure of Ischia are so like Una’s description of New Zealand, and the climate must be so nearly the same, that my thoughts ran

upon her. Capri is more like the grand features of our own British coast on a larger scale. Surely there never was such scenery for prompting the imagination to exert its fairy powers, whether in the elegant fables of classical mythology, or the romantic creations of later ages. We had music with us, and my head has been full ever since of that dreamy mixture of all that is beautiful, which, to my mind, perfectly explains in its true sense what is called the frenzy of the poets. On our return home, by starlight, as we passed the strait between Ischia and Monte di Procida, I could fancy I saw syrens sporting under the falling stars. I took my guitar, and sung in a more thoughtful strain:—

“NIGHT AT SEA.”

'Tis night, deep night—the solemn stars
 Reflect their lustre o'er the sea;
 Thus gazing on their mysteries
 I feel that I would ever be.

'Tis night, sweet night—and southern skies
 Are lighted in one burning glow,
 Whilst in the inward soul is felt
 The truth that men were born to know.

Most holy night! ^{most} ~~most~~ blessed stars! ~~the~~
 And thou, thou deep and trembling main;
 What need of books? for so to gaze,
 It were to never doubt again!

Eternal God ! upon thy throne,
Lord of all life, in earth, in air !
Sink thy true faith within my heart,
That I may never more despair.

Awake, awake ! on nights like these
Men should not sleep, but watch and pray ;
Beneath the Heaven's living gaze
All doubt, all fear, must pass away.

CHAPTER V.

“ Love will at all times know how to love; to repay, never.”

THE MONK JOHN.

*From the Epistles of St. Ignatius,
Edition Cureton.*

————— “ Winds contend

Silently there, and heap the snow with breath
Rapid and strong, but silently! Its home
The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods
Over the snow. The secret strength of things
Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome
Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!
And what wert thou, and earth, and stars, and sea,
If to the human mind's imaginings
Silence and solitude were vacancy?

SHELLEY.

“ WHAT a change of scenery! I am now writing in a low, snug, German chamber, where it is cold enough to have, or rather to want, a fire in the evening, looking out upon tall, sharp-peaked houses, and taller, sharper, and still more peaked mountains behind them, their bases covered with vast forests, and their summits, where not among the clouds, capped

with eternal snow. But a day or two ago, we were all complaining of the heat in the gulf of Genoa.

“We have had a delightful and most interesting journey. Sir Frederic has accompanied us the whole way. His remarks are full of originality and learning, and the *savans*, wherever we go, seem to know him. He is silent, however, by preference, and must be made to talk.

“I frequently speak to him of Una, about whom he is much interested. It seems that he saw her and all of us once when we were children; but I do not know when it could have been. He fears Una will not have strength to follow Mr. Clive in all his adventurous course, which Sir Frederic admires, but thinks ought to be undertaken by those alone who are free from wedded ties. So thought poor Lord Haddon, and the likeness in many respects between him and Sir Frederic strikes me daily, and the idea is pleasant to rest upon. It is consoling to have one being to whom one can talk of all that is, or has been—that is, the strongest tie—most dear.

“I must not forget so soon my impressions of Rome and Florence. The items are down

in my other book, my dry book, but the result is in my mind.

“Nothing satisfies me so fully of the real genius of the Italians, both ancient and modern, as the evidence that meets one at every step, of the degree to which they seem to have been penetrated by a taste for whatever is graceful or noble in art and literature. It is common to say they borrowed from the Greeks: but how is it, then, that they did borrow, or, having borrowed it, made it their own? Look at the taste of their earliest works. The tomb of Scipio—the remains of Pompeii—the numberless ruins of the Campagna, and Rome itself—look only at the small ornaments, the little bronzes, the cornices, lamps, foliage, and arabesques in terra cotta, marble, metal, stucco, no matter what be the material, the same innate elegance of design, with infinite variety, is perceivable. Sir Frederic often dilated on this point, and thinks our modern mechanical helps, which produce a marvellous exactness and precision, and which multiply every form without thought or intelligence in the workman, to be rather hindrances in the path of genius, than helps to it. There was no stamping of patterns by the thousand, no eternal

repetition of the same forms; but every article in its very irregularities bore the impress of the mind and individuality of the maker. The fine productions of ancient art, represent the workings of a thousand minds, as of a thousand hands; ours, multiplied tenfold, represent but the ability of one.

“How I enjoyed my visits to the Vatican, to the churches and ruins of Rome, with my father and Sir Frederic! They suit each other exactly in taste and cultivation of mind, and every day I find my father’s recollections of his early travels and studies, too long laid by, to be freshened by contact with a kindred and younger mind, and to gain cheerfulness and healthy spirits from the exertion it calls forth. I need not say how much I gain from their animated discussions. I am very lucky to be with them. I see many young ladies at Rome scarcely aware it is not London. We met some agreeable society among the artists, both Italian and foreign—and among literary Englishmen, whom one sees to greater advantage at Rome than any where.

“Sir Frederic is not old at all. I do not know what made me think him old; but I suppose one’s tutor—that is the word here—or

guardian, is always old by reason of the nature of the case. I am determined not to think him old, however; but one may walk with one's guardian nevertheless, as papa makes no objection; that, though, is on the presumption that he is old, or must be old—being a guardian. Fictions and presumptions need not be attended to, I think; but it is not what I think, but other people think—of course, papa will take care of that. After all, I am rather an old pupil to be in ward at near twenty-three—dear grandpapa's care for me would have it so.

“But I am running away from Florence, where I was enchanted with the pictures, the collections, the buildings, and the scenery. It is more rural than Naples, and altogether quieter and more intellectual. I cannot go through all I saw there, nor dwell upon the beauties of the road from Leghorn. The old Tuscan cities which we diverged to see on the right and left, are picturesque as they are historically interesting. I drew a great deal, and earned many undeserved praises from Sir Frederic.

“We coasted the beautiful shores of the Gulf of Genoa, and were very near running over to Corsica again; but my father having received letters which proved the inutility of so doing,

and the season being advanced, we proceeded. I should have liked to land in Elba, which we saw very well from the yacht, and I sketched its bold outline. We finally landed at Genoa, and sent the yacht round to England.

“After a rapid trip over Lombardy to Venice, where I could have staid the whole winter had not time been precious, we returned to Verona, and passed the Alps of the Tyrol to Inspruck, where I am now writing. Sir Frederic’s knowledge of Venice and Venetian art, as distinct in many particulars from the typical art of Italy as its history, was most useful to us. I felt that no one who has not seen Venice can say that he has seen Italy; for this city has so many peculiarities, that it is not by seeing the other capitals one can form an idea of Venice. Its influence, too, over all the western coast of Italy, on which it has here and there left traces of its spirit, is a feature continually recurring in History; the great characters of Genoa may equal those of Venice in merit, but only as individuals—the glory of the queen of the Adriatic shone longer and shone brighter.

“Here we are, then, and hear a new and a rough language; we feel a new and a rough climate; we see a new country and people, which

have certainly their merits and their attractions, but as yet we are little acquainted with them. The pass over the Brenner is reckoned easy, but we fell in with an early snow-storm, and the wind, which brought with it heavy drifts of snow, whirling with extreme violence, ended in a *tourmente*, or gust, which carried all before it; and so completely did it frighten our horses that they attempted to turn and run down the mountain. The road was good, but the extreme narrowness of the valley made it a perfect funnel for the blast, and for some minutes we could see nothing. Suddenly the horses took fright, and our calèche was overturned in an instant, fortunately without injury to anybody. But we were in imminent danger of being precipitated over the low parapet wall that bounded the road; and in fact one of the terrified horses actually set his foot on the top of it, but at the very moment he was preparing to spring, he was vigorously arrested by a nervous arm from the other side of the feeble barrier—this, thank God, saved us!

“It was Sir Frederic, who, with the greatest presence of mind, had left the low wall just in time to turn upon the affrighted animal, and stop him from making a plunge, which would

have been destruction to all of us. Having himself but a mere ledge of rock to stand upon, he was in imminent danger of falling a sacrifice to his efforts in our behalf; but the moment the horse had been turned, he sprang back into the road, and flew to extricate me from the ruins of our carriage.

“Fortunately some peasants’ carts came up, and we were glad to get a lift in them as far as the post-house, where we put up for the night. The carriage was dragged in some hours later, and, by waiting half the next day, we got it patched up well enough to carry us to this city—the capital of the Tyrol—where I am glad to rest until it is mended. The accident was partly owing to the carelessness of the postilions—‘*Che volete, Signora,*’ said our Italian courier, ‘*sono Tedeschi.*’

“Our accident has indeed been the means of producing one most unexpected event, which has almost upset me. The day after we arrived here, my father was anxious to make the most of the fine weather, and we planned an excursion to the castle of Ambras, and St. Martin’s Wall, that stupendous rock that overhangs the valley of the Inn.

“While enjoying the magnificent view that

lies open to the Inn-thal, as seen from the windows of the castle, I asked Sir Frederic, who was always near me, whether he thought the life of those ancient damsels, princesses and other noble ladies, was much to be envied when they inhabited those walls, in all the romantic life and spirit of adventure of the middle ages.

“ ‘No ;’ said he, ‘it must generally and necessarily have been a life of great monotony and confinement for women. The seclusion in which they still remain, in some southern countries, more from custom than from principle, is derived, I think, from this source as much as from any Oriental custom. Their public shows and pageants, tournaments and ceremonies of feudal life, could not have been of very frequent occurrence in the same places ; and the picturesque adventures, in the reading of which we take such delight, must often have been highly dangerous and inconvenient.’

“ ‘Your classical tastes, Sir Frederic, render you a bad judge of chivalrous life.’

“ ‘Chivalrous life had its dark as well as its fair side ; and I doubt much, were it possible now to choose between that and modern life,

whether many, even of our most romantic young ladies, would choose the former.'

" 'What is it, then, that makes all its representations so alluring to us?'

" 'It is a certain picturesqueness or costume, if one may apply the word to the manners and the spirit of an age, together with the good fortune of being historically connected with all that is most truly picturesque in our own age, that has given the charm to chivalrous life, or rather to our ideas of it—rather false in many points, I suspect.'

" 'You destroy my illusions, Sir Frederic. I am an admirer of the picturesque, as I thought you were; and I do not quite despise romance.'

" 'What I mean is very easily explained. Destroy the castles of Heidelberg, Warwick, Castelnuovo, and Ambras—disconnect the legends of Scotland, Bohemia, Provence, and other romantic countries, from the wild scenery with which they are associated—fancy the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the institution of the Garter and the Golden Fleece, in a modern brick house—and the illusion vanishes. But,' added Sir Frederic, after a pause, 'the heart neither

wanted, nor wants, any illusion; its poetry, its feelings, its truth, are of every age; and the castle of Ambras, although divested of its ancient glories, may still bear witness to as true a love as ever animated the knights of old.'

" 'I dare say the true-hearted Tyrolese peasants plight their faith here still on summer nights beneath the conscious moon,' replied I, rather poetically.

" 'Others than peasants, but not for that the less true-hearted: others, besides Tyrolese, may claim the gift of sincerity, of devotion, of love. Christabelle, dear one!' he added rapturously, seizing my hand, 'will you accept one whose admiration of you has been daily increasing, and will daily increase, whatever be your answer to his suit? Will you, however much this sudden declaration may surprise you, allow him to hope'

" Surprised, indeed, but touched to the heart by the delicacy of Sir Frederic's proposal—a proposal from one whose modesty alone could have made him blind to what I feared was my only too evident admiration of him—I was for one moment unable to answer. Recovering myself, I hastened to put an end to his suspense, lest I should be suspected of an unworthy

desire to enhance the value of my consent, by a prolongation of his doubts. I said decidedly, 'Yes, Sir Frederic, I am yours at once, and without hesitation, if my father consents. His will would always bind me at any period of life; but for myself, I have already seen too much of the world to waste its few moments of unalloyed happiness in girlish scruple, or unnecessary reserve. It is my duty, as a child, to ask my father's consent, independently of what you may wish to say to him yourself; and, for that purpose, let us hasten to him now without delay.'

"He pressed my hand warmly to his heart, and we traversed the castle court with a rapid pace, to lay our future destinies at the feet of my affectionate parent.

"I shall quickly pass over all that followed. My father's joy and satisfaction were so far beyond what I had ever thought it would be in my power to cause to him, that I blamed myself now for not having, in so many long years, distinguished sufficiently the strong paternal love which burned within him: yes, even in this happy moment, justice bids me say that I reproach myself severely for not having felt before

that same degree of affection which now responds to him from my heart.

“We are now in the heart of Germany, at the court of ——. The great event—for so I must in regard to myself call it—has made us hasten our journey very much; but a visit, long promised to my aunt Countess Fanny von Arnheim, will delay us a part of the winter at least. For the present, my engagement to Sir Frederic is not to be spoken of.

“I have not written my journal for a long time. I am always taken up with Sir Frederic. It is only now I seem thoroughly to know him. I wonder how I could accept him so rashly, knowing him less. But I liked him much even then; and when I have such foreboding, or instinct as I call it, a good star guides me, I think.

“This court is small, but gay out of all proportion to its size. There are constant little fêtes. Aunt Fanny does her best to amuse us, and to show us the best society. She has soirées at her own house, and though now old, and rather immoveable, she contrives to mix in nearly every thing that goes on. Every prince or count of the empire that passes

through —— is presented to her; the reigning duke comes to her salon sometimes, and the dowager-duchess and her younger son, Prince Max, very often.

“The winter has now really set in—the snow is falling in great quantity, and hopes are entertained that we may soon have a grand sledge party to Grumpelsdorf, a ducal castle in the neighbourhood. They say we must wait till it is hard; in the meantime, aunt Fanny is busy arranging the cavalcade, and suiting everybody with partners in their sledge. She is such an authority for etiquette, being Aelteste Hofdame of the court, that Germans and all apply to her for a knowledge of the strict proprieties of all ceremonies and pageants. Many are the wordy wars waged between her and the Ober Hof-marschall and Aulic Counsellor von Stixenstein as to precedence and pedigrees, not their own—oh, Heavens! they were established firmly above note or comment; but those of any unhappy new-comers whose family was not known at the court of ——.

“We have had some pleasant evenings here; but the visits of the court, and its grandees, who always come to look at strangers, and report on them, are rather oppressive. What

there is to see in the residence is soon accomplished; the country is tame and poor even in summer.

“Fraülein von Weiler, the chief active lady of this little court, is my aunt’s great rival in the favour of the duchess. My aunt receives plenty of attentions and compliments; but the efficient maid of honour, always present, always at work, carries away all the influence. We heard a great deal more than is worth consigning to memory of their petty cabals.

“The duchess has a daughter, whose baptismal name is, or was, Hermengilda, Bathilda, or Clotilda (for the late duke prided himself on keeping up, as he thought, the alt Deutsches spirit, by giving thorough Gothic names to his children, and reckoned to have given a deadly blow to democratic principles by so doing), but who is at present, as I am told, politically called Princess Feodora, in hopes of attracting a Russian alliance. She is not handsome, but educated with care, and would gladly be the wife of some noble but less exalted personage than a grand duke. I like her the best.

“The reigning duke is, like all German princes, most exclusively military. He has

been exceedingly polite to me, talks of giving us balls at the Schloss, and has entertained my father with his opinions on all European politics, always concluding with a complimentary sentence, to the effect that the British House of Lords is the grand obstacle to revolution. His highness has promised to give me a parade of all his troops some morning, if I can bear to be out in the snow. The frosty weather is very fine; so I suppose I must attend, as there are some new Prussian uniforms to be shown off.

“Prince Maximilian Theodebert Lothaire, is a fine young man, but of course still more military than the duke; being a younger brother, it is to be his career. He has already gained several orders, by diligently attending every great review or manœuvre of the military powers, and is a firm adherent to the conservative principle.

“The duke, conscious perhaps that he has not the fine military air of his brother, is the more magnificent in equipage, and all the accompaniments of a camp and court. His aides-de-camp are numerous, and all speak French.

“I am sorry to discover that Fraülein von Weiler seems to have a secret, or rather not

very secret, device, to become wife of Sir Frederic. They are very open on these subjects in Germany, and think it an amiable candour to confide their tender sentiments even to an acquaintance of yesterday. In this manner, I learned from the maid of honour herself, that she would be glad to go to England with us; the duchess wanted certain English manufactures which her Parisian *modiste* could not supply, and Fraülein Von Weiler would get a ducal order to go and choose them to a reasonable amount of florins, and then send them back by a cabinet courier of one of the great embassies, in which the Fraülein flattered herself she had some interest—‘Send them back, because you know, my dear, I might remain in England. I have early learned the English language, and devoted myself to study their character—how useful that has been to her highness in the reception of your amiable compatriots none can tell; but I must not praise myself. I might meet with some English gentleman of family, of noble descent, to whom a German noble alliance might be desirable, and I am sure I could not refuse such a one as Sir Frederic Perceval, for example!’

“Little thinking to whom she was speaking,

the courtly Von Weiler raised her blue eyes and smiled in her most insinuating manner, as if to draw from me encouragement, or at least approval, of her transparent scheme. Though taken fairly by surprise, I had too much at stake to let this go on; so, summoning all my courage, I said that owing to the strength of English reserve, which she so very well understood, I could say nothing upon such a subject relating to another person; but that any such confidence reposed in me would be sacred, though I would not ask her to enter further into so delicate a topic.

“The maid of honour, whose tact and experience had rendered her an admirable appreciator of hints, then rose, said she meant nothing, and, having kissed me traitorously on each cheek, withdrew with a graceful courtesy, worthy of the Court of Versailles.

“I hastened to my father and told him this, and asked whether it were not better to declare my engagement at once. My father wished to do nothing hastily, and would ask Sir Frederic.

“Meanwhile, first Prince Max, and then the Duke, redoubled their attentions to me, the object whereof was now no longer to be mis-

taken. Aunt Fanny, who saw all from her *fauteuil*, from which she rarely moved, and to whom the chit-chat of the day was regularly brought from all quarters, became exceedingly elated at something she would not at first tell us; but after sundry hints and dark speeches, she confidentially disclosed to more than one of her faithful satellites. It was, that she had hopes of Prince Max as a husband for me.

“I had certainly waltzed with Prince Max, and liked his manners and conversation, and thought him superior to his stately and formal brother—but that was all. My father learned the important secret, and was hesitating what to do, when another incident arose.

“The duke, who had already been married twice, but whose wives had each died from having caught cold at his reviews in January (when he made a point of exhibiting some of the winter movements of a Russian campaign, and of course the lower the thermometer was below zero the better), was desirous of marrying again. He wanted a hardy wife, whom he could show to an admiring people as ready to brave a campaign in the most rigorous season. How far the ordeal by frost—which put a test

and an end to these unfortunate ladies—might succeed in my case, I know not, but certain it is he had fixed his eyes upon me for the experiment.

“It is true, the duke had condescendingly taken me out in a sledge, to show me the Mausoleum for his late and perhaps future duchesses; but not having the court-tact, the Hof manier, of Fraülein von Weiler, I had not interpreted this, being very stupid, for a symbolical proposal of marriage. As such, however, it was meant, according to my aunt, who was in ecstasies.

“She called my father to council, while he was yet undecided about the expediency of declaring my engagement; she dilated at great length on the chance of my marrying better abroad than at home—a remark which so offended my father’s pride, that he had hardly patience to listen to the sequel. My aunt, however, who was grown what is politely called more conversable than ever, was not to be foiled, especially as she saw in the distance visions of increased influence at court, triumphs over her enemies, and patronage for her friends, all through my means. The rivals

that were to be crushed, and the popularity to be gained, formed a picture that quite turned her head.

“Unfortunately, my father was called away before he heard the pith of the story, which he might have nipped in the bud, with all the primary and secondary intrigues dependent on it. The Baron Bollerup, an antiquated admirer of my aunt’s, and a constant loser of florins at her rubbers, had called, pursuant to promise, to show my father and Sir Frederic the duke’s stables, an appointment not to be deferred. So my father had an immediate opportunity of speaking to Sir Frederic, and nothing more was said to my aunt before her whist in the evening. To employ the vacant time, she sent for me.

“I saw on entering, that my aunt was full of something, and that I was to be the victim at least of a long story. It is possible that her not having settled the point with my father, made her think it inexpedient to open it to me; as it was, she chose a different and almost equally unpleasant subject. It was no other than a recital of all the rumours which I am sorry to find prevail about poor Nicholas, and which, with a number of other fashionable,

foolish, and scandalous stories, had been retailed to my aunt by some of her gossiping London friends.

“I absolutely shivered as I heard her relate, as if I did not know it, the real consanguinity between Nicholas and us, and I dreaded, knowing her careless way of talking, what she might say next. I found, nevertheless, that she was in ignorance of his share in the dreadful catastrophe which deprived us of my poor sister, and I cautiously limited my replies to what she already was acquainted with. Her English letters were most voluminous every post-day—that is, twice a week—and her correspondents had not failed to inform her of every thing to the disadvantage of Nicholas, for whom, I well remember, she never had much liking.

“My aunt said he was reported as being very handsome, very much the fashion, and withal what is called one of the wildest young men about town; that his name had, by report, been already coupled with that of one of the greatest beauties in London, the wife of a Mr. Biron, a great sporting man, the son of a rich West India planter, who lived in great style and expense, at Melton and elsewhere, neglecting his wife, of whom he was quite unworthy,

and who was said to be a most fascinating creature.

“I had never heard of this Mrs. Biron, and could add nothing to my aunt’s information; but that certainly Nicholas had grown up a very handsome young man, and might be exposed to much temptation.

“Some days my aunt, though not meaning to wound my feelings, would run on most loquaciously, saying every thing that had better not be said, and making her own comments upon her own stories in a way that tried my patience to the utmost. She would go on wondering why we had neglected that fine creature, Ianthe, as she called her—oh, how that cut me to the soul! though not conscious of any known neglect of my sister; then, declaring it was a sin and a shame to send out that spotless lamb, Una, to a strange land, to live her life long among the heathen, and to die after all in Sickly Gully, or some such deadly colonial wilderness. Sometimes, she would hint at princely marriages for myself in a way to make me faint—till at last she broached the subject anew to my father, and in my presence too, but in such a manner as to draw from my father the final condemnation of her scheme—

happily for me, though I nearly sank into the earth in listening to it.

“She began by saying that the duke was perfection, that his admiration for me was unbounded, and that his uxorious devotion to his late wife, was the consequence of his attachment to the preceding one; that he certainly took me to be the impersonation of his dearly beloved No. 1 and No. 2, and that the visit to the Mausoleum was clear, in the eyes of all the court, who were aware of it, as a delicate hint that a ducal proposal would not long be delayed. For, added my aunt, he actually proposed to his second wife in the vault which contained the tomb, hardly finished, of his first!

“I could hardly help laughing at the ridicule of the thing; but it was too serious for me, when luckily she continued—‘You understand, my dear niece, it will be a morganatic marriage; for his first wife was a princess of the empire, and the last one of the distant imperial Russian connexion So, you comprehend, in Germany it could not be otherwise, and it is no disparagement to the first families here.’ She hesitated—looked at my father—who could no longer conceal his feelings, and

who instantly liberated me from as disagreeable a position as could well be imagined, by rising and saying, in a tone, the peremptory meaning of which could not be mistaken—

“ ‘No, countess ; once for all, let it be understood that, whatever further objections I might raise to Christabelle’s marriage at present, I am determined that my daughter shall never be the left-handed wife of any one, be he prince, or peasant.’ So saying, he led me, most willing to escape, to our own apartments, where, with Sir Frederic’s consent, we agreed that our engagement should be mentioned, but without any formality, at the *soirée* of that evening.

“ This was accordingly done : my aunt, out of respect to her position, being first made privately acquainted with the fact. Her disappointment and ill-humour were extreme ; I passed a most unpleasant and awkward evening, and excused myself for retiring early.

“ My aunt’s chagrin was not difficult to explain. Her arrangement would have, she flattered herself, satisfied everybody. His highness, the duke, would have been satisfied ; I, it was assumed, would have been satisfied ; my father and family the same ; Prince Max, after the first feelings of regret, must have

been satisfied, from a dutiful deference to his brother, but more from the reflection that the sovereign's marriage, being a left-handed one with me, his own prospects would be immeasurably improved, as he might now, poor cadet, offer himself to some real princess, with the reversion of a principality in perspective. Fraülein von Weiler would have married Sir Frederic, and would never impede my aunt's influence at court, where, through me, she would be everything.

"These day-dreams were unmercifully dissipated, and the face of things, or of my aunt, altered as by the wand of a fairy. My aunt took to her bed, and I besought my father to go to England as quickly as possible.

"The Herzog bore his disappointment very stoically, and, to console himself, merely reviewed his army twice a-day, instead of once, much to their improvement no doubt, but not a little to their fatigue and annoyance.

"In all this confusion, there was but one little circumstance that partly consoled my aunt, which was her gratification at the knowledge that the maid of honour's plans were equally disconcerted with her own: that was something. But she herself had become so thoroughly

German, in spite of her occasional visits to England, that she could not conceive how I could be so blind to my own interest, as to give up what she called the regalities of a German court, for the fireside of a Yorkshire baronet: a sort of dignity to which there is no parallel, as she often told me, in the *Almanac de Gotha*, and therefore not worth having.

“ We separated rather coldly; I was heartily tired of Germany, and regretted none but the really amiable duchess and her daughter, whom I should like to see once more. Like all foreigners, they talk of coming to see London and the Thames tunnel, but there it is likely to end.

“ One thing weighed heavily on my mind—the sad impression I had received from my Aunt’s very vague and gossiping stories about Nicholas. I could not get over the idea I had long entertained; that his passion for my unfortunate sister was but a feint to cover his thwarted proposals to me. And now that subsequent disclosures of his position must have blotted out all such remembrances from his own mind, it seemed he had not strength of character sufficient to keep him in the right path. Though, in reason, I could not consider myself

in any way to blame in his affairs, yet I could not throw off from my mind the suspicion, that I must unconsciously have acted inconsiderately, and I resolved now, once more, to address him as a sister, with words of affection and advice.

“How inexpressibly, how bitterly painful, is it to a woman of any delicacy of mind, to think that, by unkindness or refusal, she may have driven a rash and thoughtless young man into a mode of life unworthy of him, and that, while all her thoughts have been intent on virtue, she may have been the ignorant cause of his plunging into vice! I shuddered and wept, as I thought of Nicholas, whose last letters had been wild and reckless, and far from correct in many points of principle, which he touched upon in satire and in scorn. I was now sure that much of my father’s gloom arose from what he must have heard of him, though he never alluded to it.

“I therefore implored my father, as a matter of humanity, to see Nicholas once more, and to let it be on the occasion of my wedding, when we shall all be happy—oh so happy!—God knows how I wish to benefit Nicholas.

“With difficulty, I obtained my father’s promise, for which it was not necessary to

enter into reasons, which I whispered only to myself. I wrote to Nicholas myself; invited him to the marriage; assured him of my sisterly affection, and under that cover slid in some gentle advice as to things of greater seriousness, though I could not say I had heard of his dissipation.

“With a lighter heart and full of hope, I stepped into the carriage for England.”

CHAPTER VI.

“Ja, Schicksal! ich verstehe dich:
Mein Glück ist nicht von dieser welt,
Es blüht im Traum der Dichtung nur.
Du sendest mir der Schmerzen viel
Und gibst für jedes Leid ein Lied.”

UHLAND.

“HERE am I once more writing in my own room, in my own home, in my beloved Cheyne! The happiness one always finds, or ought to find, in returning to the scenes of infancy and thoughtless, innocent childhood, is, in my case, not alloyed, but covered with much that is grave and sad. It seemed as if all the events of my life crowded upon my memory as we drove up to the door. I knew not whether I was waking, or dreaming. My sisters, my grandfather, my mother even—all dear, all equally beloved—seemed to my cloudy and disordered vision to be there awaiting me; in fact, the picture of Cheyne as it had been, was so interwoven in my mind with the image of our happy family, that it was not separable as an

existing home from the idea of those that were gone. I wept; but they were tears of love, mingled with thanks to Heaven for all the blessings I had ever known there, that I shed in approaching the time-honoured residence of my family.

“All preparations are now being made for my taking possession of the estate, and for my marriage, which is to be directly afterwards. I am so happy, but so fearful. I have suffered so much disappointment and trouble unexpectedly, at different periods of my life, that I can look forward to nothing without nervous apprehension and anxiety. There are times when past and future suggest or force themselves upon the mind in such confusion, that the present, which after all is most important, ceases to make its due impression. I feel I have become absent, nervous—I fear even inattentive to my father at times; my spirits flag, and I am dissatisfied, though with nothing but myself; yet I repeat to myself—I am so happy!

My first object was to visit Mrs. Murray, in her snug little cottage, and to tell her all my thoughts, and relate all my travels.

“I persuaded her to come and stay at Cheyne, as I told her I could not leave that house

in peace if she were not there, to give me her benediction. She is aged, but on the whole less altered, than I expected to find her.

“We have just returned from Lyle Comyn, Sir Frederic’s beautiful place. And that is to be mine, too! It is a Grecian house, built in the very best taste, and fitted up with every thing that a well-cultivated mind can desire—with good pictures, some few pieces of sculpture, all of the highest merit; a fine library, and a variety of specimens of ancient and modern art: some beautiful, some curious, such as a connoisseur only could select.

“Nicholas has answered my invitation, but it is far from being such a letter as I hoped to receive. It is gloomy, and full of doubts of happiness in this vile world; and his good wishes are cold and commonplace. Surely I have already too much experience to build much on earthly bliss—and he cannot wish me less. He will come two days before the wedding: he does not even allude to his father.

“We all wish the wedding to be private. Sir Frederic’s aunt, Lady Cecilia Perceval, and her daughter (who is to be bridesmaid), Mrs. Murray, Hermann and Madame Mayer, and good old Dr. M’Leod, will alone be present.

Our early friend, Edmund Gray, who now, in addition to his living of Cheyne, is become a prebendary of —, is too ill to come, as I wished, to celebrate the marriage, but my father has requested grandpapa's old friend, the bishop, to officiate.

“I have so much to do and to think of, that I am scarcely so happy as I ought to be. I mean that I am not joyous, as brides are described in books. I have a feeling that I am taking on myself a load I am ill prepared for; and the more, that as my future prospects are so perfectly, so superlatively favourable, there must be trials in store for me, which any foresight or precaution I am capable of, will fail to prevent. I scrupulously endeavour not to think my happiness too complete, but these misgivings are, at times, almost too oppressive for me. My future husband alone, by his constant attentions, rouses me from these sad thoughts.

“Nicholas is arrived—I have just seen him—he is not at all himself, and I see the clouds gathering on his brow, as was but too often the case, even in other times. He is grown evidently older, and less tractable.

“I am just come up from dinner—much has passed which does not please me, but I

must note it for my future guidance: I wish to be of service to my too neglected brother. At dinner, after the merest salutation, neither my father nor he spoke a word. I could hardly contain my disappointment, having myself so lately promoted the meeting. All my visions of happiness seem fading. My father, too, looks wretched, though he tells me he is happy as regards me.

“After Sir Frederic had rejoined us, I left Lady Cecilia, to speak a word to him in private. I entreated him to use his best endeavours to make Nicholas calm. We then went into the conservatory, which was lighted up, and I beckoned Nicholas to join us. He came, but with no calm or friendly look; passion was on his brow, and a gloomy expression disfigured his fine features. I placed his hand in Sir Frederic’s, telling him that Nicholas was my dear brother, to whom our house should ever be open as his home, and our hearts likewise.

“Sir Frederic replied, by shaking him cordially by the hand, and saying, ‘Nicholas, remember that henceforth Christabelle’s—your sister’s—sentiments are mine, and that you may ever depend on me through life as your friend and kinsman.

“Nicholas muttered something that did not sound like a response to these cordial advances; in fact, it was unintelligible, if not inaudible. With fierce glances, he turned away from us, as if unable to bear the sight of our mutual affection. Sir Frederic, not liking to part with him thus, called him back, and invited him to go over the next day to Lyle Comyn and shoot with him, having a cover famous for woodcocks in that wintry weather.

I felt extremely grateful to Sir Frederic for this seasonable relief, and was delighted to hear Nicholas accept the invitation—not unwillingly, though rather in a cold manner. It was the less expected by me, as Sir Frederic is so very shortsighted he does not like shooting, except he takes his gun out alone, which is but seldom. He is almost too fearful of accidents, from his dimness of sight, which he is quite aware of. Yet he is not blind in any other occupation.

“My father, whom I think far from well, retired early; but I had permission to visit him in his own apartment with Sir Frederic, who told him of the arrangements for the next day, which he approved of. The sight of Nicholas, and the recollection of so many events

which his presence, never very welcome, could not fail to call up, had greatly agitated him, and I feared lest gout might supervene, and oblige us to postpone the wedding, which is now fixed for the day after to-morrow.

“How slow time passes! yet how quick it ought to pass, in my circumstances. Sir Frederic will be gone a whole day, and that our last day—how foolish I am, though he said just the same thing to me! It is an expedition of kindness, however, and I trust will succeed.

“It is now evening; the shooters, though they left this very early, will be late for dinner. But I will write, perhaps this is the last day of my journal, who knows?—my dear little journal, friend, confidant of my youth, which first taught me, or at least exercised me in thinking for myself, and in daring to look back at my past thoughts. Yet there was one sad void in it. Ianthe, yes—dear sister in heaven—I will not banish the loved, though sad image from my mind on this occasion; nor that of Una, far distant as she is: she knows my prospects, she thinks of me, prays God for me, as I for her: distance does but draw the knot of affection closer.

“Here is Mrs. Murray, who knows all my

thoughts, come to sit with me. Has she aught to tell me? No, much indeed she has given me of counsel formerly, and lately on my coming change of life; all that is over; she comes to sit quietly with me in my few remaining moments of rest; she will say little, we shall sit as we sat years ago, like parent and child, and we shall be happy by our fireside. The atmosphere of affection has even less need of language than love.

“I shall take her into my dressing-room to see my trousseau. Annette, my good little Swiss maid, is standing by the sofa arranging every thing for to-morrow. I write down every thing as I see it before me; I feel as if I should never write again.

“My dress is white satin with lace flounces of point, and veil of the same, given me by dear Frederic, and said to be so valuable—oh, how I think of Una’s simplicity, and sigh!

“A pelisse of pure white ermine, and another of sables, from Russia, were also my betrothed’s gifts; he thought nothing too good for me nor too splendid, though I besought him not to be so magnificent. My mother’s diamonds, and other jewels of great rarity belonging to Sir Frederic’s family, are there in ebony and ivory

caskets of Venetian fashion, and hundreds of other proofs of my father's love and care beside them; but my blessings are not there. How gladly would I have exchanged all to have seen Ianthe's beauty decked in all these rich ornaments, which would so well have become her, while they are wasted on me!

"I looked at them, and then at Mrs. Murray, who read my thoughts—I fell upon her neck in a flood of tears.

"‘There are no sister's gifts there;’ I sobbed, and wept anew.

"Mrs. Murray and Annette did all in their power to soothe me, and persuaded me to take some restorative and lie down on the sofa till dinner, but it did not suffice to calm my troubled spirits.

"Sir Frederic has sent from Lyle my bouquet and garland for the evening, and I am to have fresh ones for the wedding early to-morrow morning. These are of jessamine, and lilies pure and spotless, with some lovely white moss rose-buds.

"Alas! is not the snow, white, pure, and spotless—yet cold and cheerless? It is all snow around us at this season, and I suppose it is

that makes me melancholy. Emblems go but a small way to comfort a soul disturbed. Yet why is mine so? I know not.

“I am just dressed; it was an effort I forced myself to; I am nervous and trembling. It is late; Sir Frederic and Nicholas not arrived yet. I must do something, or I feel I shall faint. I am, at any rate, ready for his return.

“I look at myself in the glass; I hardly ever looked myself steadily in the face before in my life. I look ill, I am sure; but the white moss-roses and jessamines look well in their natural beauty as I see them in my brown hair, curled with drooping ringlets. My dress of simple white muslin is looped with lilies and white ribbons; what nonsense to write all this, what will my Frederic say? But I see I have a colour, a little; I hope it will not rise too much; I was pale just now—there, nonsense! I have done.

“Mrs. Murray knocks again at my dressing-room door I am coming I must go to my father; he makes a point of leading me into dinner this last time as his daughter. But how strange it is that they are not returned from shooting! what can have detained them so long this bitter cold night, and snow falling

ever since five o'clock? I cannot make it out. I must go down, if only to relieve my anxiety. And so I close in haste, Heaven knows for how long, this, my own dear little journal. * * * *

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CHAPTER VII.

“Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart.
My sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight,
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart,
Who hath endur’d the whole, can beare each part—
If death it be, it is not the first wound
That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart—
Begin and end the bitter baleful stound;
If less than that I feare, more favour I have found.”

SPENSER.

THE sequel of this mournful story will but too well explain the fact of the sudden termination of the journal. That journal, the artless and candid narration of a youthful mind, at once the record of the events, not few nor unimportant, of her own and her sisters’ lives, was now to be abruptly discontinued.

The subjoined account was given to the author by a friend of the family, one eyewitness of, and profoundly interested in, the woe which soon fell upon that devoted house.

Immediately after closing the last page of

that journal which she was never to renew, Lady Christabelle left her apartment, and joined her father in the ante-room of the saloon in which the company were assembled. Leaning on the duke's arm, she entered the room, looking pale indeed, but more interesting than ever—thoughtful in the present, happy in the future, as far as blind human eyes could see into it.

After hastily casting a glance round the company, she remarked that all were not yet there, and with a sigh, which her father could not avoid noticing, she prepared to do the honours to her assembled guests.

The duke left her at this moment to give some order to the servants respecting the dinner, which he particularly wished should await the arrival of Sir Frederic and Nicholas; Christabelle joined the ladies at the fire-place. The continued absence of Sir Frederic and Nicholas was the wonder of the whole party; various were the conjectures made upon the causes of their delay.

The weather was such as to suggest some possible reasons for their non-arrival; but they were not welcome ones, as they supposed the occurrence of some difficulty or accident in the

snow, which was unusually deep, and still continued falling in great quantity.

It was already eight o'clock, and they were not yet come. The groom of the chambers asked the duke if dinner was to be served up—he ordered them to await the arrival of Sir Frederic; Nicholas was not mentioned.

The anxiety of the guests, as well as of the hosts, increased visibly. Something there was in the quick manner of Christabelle; her anxious look, as she turned from time to time towards the door; her unusually bright eye, glancing rapidly from one object to another,—which could not escape the awakened attention of the guests.

Their anxiety was but heightened by the nervous tone of the duke's answer to the servants—impatient, yet willing to delay, his voice fell heavy on the ear, and seemed to forebode evil.

At last all were silent. Those who at first were eager in their suggestions, now held their peace, and wished they had said nothing. In the intervals between the monosyllabic remarks which one or another thought it right to offer from time to time, the shrill snow-blast made itself loudly heard around the ancient turrets

of Cheyne, more suggestive—but suggestive of evil—than anything that human tongue could utter. Christabelle and her father, who had not moved from the spot where they had placed themselves on coming in, spoke not a word. Both seemed gradually petrified with dread of something unknown, and remained fixed as statues.

Nine o'clock sounds. The storm rages violently against the windows: a distant noise is heard—the sound of wheels—but they move slowly. Somebody says, “I am glad,” but leaves the sentence unfinished. There is not heart or courage to be glad. Christabelle heard the wheels; she would fain have echoed “I am glad,” but she could not. The sound brought no comfort to her soul. The duke silently walked across the room, opened the door, and went out, followed by Christabelle, cold, faint, and trembling. Somehow the rest did not, dare not, follow them.

Suddenly, the tramp of many feet was heard in the hall: Sir Frederic’s voice—“For God’s sake, keep her back!” A medical man, well known to most of the company, was seen among the crowd: he stepped forward, and tried to detain Christabelle, but without offer-

ing a word of explanation. She, seeing her father press forward, and full of the deepest anxiety herself, forced a passage through the reluctant throng, and found herself, by the dim light of a lantern held up by one of the attendants, suddenly standing by the bleeding body of the ill-fated Nicholas.

He was still alive, but covered with blood from a gunshot wound in the chest; and unable, as it seemed, to utter an articulate sound. Frantic at the sight, she sank upon her knees by his side—his blood streaming over her white dress and flowers. Convulsively he breathed; words were heard which few of those present could distinguish, and fewer still cared to interpret. All that could be understood was this—

“He did it—he did it . . . I might have killed him . . . he has killed me . . . it is my blood . . . sister . . . my blood is on his hand . . . marry him not . . .” Here he fainted, and but once so far recovered himself as to repeat still more incoherently, “Sister . . . do not marry . . . your brother’s . . . murderer . . . I die . . . revenged.”

Filled with horror, all the bystanders, who were now numerous, involuntarily turned their

eyes upon Sir Frederic, who sat apart; overwhelmed with grief, his face buried in his hands, as if hearing all, and yet afraid to hear. Christabelle did not even cover her streaming eyes, but fixed them on her unfortunate but beloved brother, whose life fast ebbed to its close. The medical man bent over him; and, after a short struggle, pronounced that all was over!

The duke threw himself on the body, and, losing all self-command, the feelings of nature broke forth in loud and frantic sobs. His daughter, unable to sustain the shock any longer, fell swooning into the arms of her attendants; overtaxed as her fortitude had been, it was happy for her that she could be conveyed in a state of unconsciousness to her apartments, whither Dr. M'Leod and Mrs. Murray accompanied her; the latter sustained only by her affection for Christabelle.

After the afflicted mourners had departed, and Sir Frederic (not the least broken down by this tragedy of all that surrounded that lifeless corpse) had also been led away by the pitying hand of Mayer, the old and attached friend of the family; it transpired from whispers among the servants, who had returned with Sir Frederic

from Lyle Comyn, that the disaster had been entirely the effect of accident. Sir Frederic, who generally abstained from shooting in consequence of his short-sightedness, and had only that day taken his gun to accompany the unhappy Nicholas, had shot at some game in a thick part of the cover, where his unfortunate companion was standing in advance of him, in a position which Sir Frederic, from want of sight, did not perceive until the moment after it was too late.

The ill-starred young man was hit by the full charge of shot; he shrieked, and fell almost at the feet of his future brother-in-law, whose despair cannot here be depicted, and indeed is more to be imagined than described.

Retaining his presence of mind, Sir Frederic instantly despatched one of the keeper's men on a fleet horse to York, for surgical advice, and took measures for bringing Nicholas to Cheyne, as nearer to that city, and in compliance with his frantic entreaties. As it was but too probable from the first that the wound would prove mortal, his wish was instantly complied with; and he was transported slowly, and with the utmost care possible, to Cheyne. Sir Frederic had supported him in his arms in the carriage during

the whole tedious and painful journey, with an attendant who did what little was possible in the way of help. His cries and broken expressions were fearful: no one endeavoured either to explain or to repeat them. Sir Frederic with Christian patience bore it all, and devoted himself to the care of his fated victim. Nicholas had been, as all had perceived, so violently excited by some previous cause, that, in charity, none would take too close an account of the ravings of a dying man; but to Sir Frederic this was martyrdom.

Absorbed by his affliction, Sir Frederic sank now into an unnatural state of silence. His mind and strength, for so many hours in a state of extreme nervous tension, seemed to give way; he made no answers to the few but friendly questions which Mayer put to him as to his bodily feelings, and seemed to be nearly dropping into lethargy. At last Mayer, alarmed, bethought him of mentioning the duke (Christabelle he dared not name), when, as if the right chord had been touched, Sir Frederic suddenly roused himself, and said hurriedly, "True, true, we must go and inquire" and starting up, laid his hand heavily on Mayer's arm, who took the hint, and led him gently to the door of

the duke's apartment. He there met Dr. M'Leod and the surgeon, who requested him, both for his own sake and those he loved most dearly, to seat himself calmly in the ante-room, and wait for news of the duke, of whom they reported cautiously, saying, that his state required that he should be kept perfectly tranquil. One of them stayed constantly by Sir Frederic's side as he lay and dosed, but, alas! with waking sleep upon the sofa.

Strange the effect that a sudden and violent shock has upon the mind! Are there nerves that affect the memory as well as other faculties? How awful is the sort of half-recovery that sometimes succeeds a moral convulsion, and does but half restore the mind, as the body of man. In all that fearful night, Sir Frederic, shaken by the events of the day, trembling, almost paralyzed throughout his whole frame, never once alluded to that which had caused his present lamentable condition. His kind attendants, or rather friends, though they had no fears for the ultimate effect on his reason, abstained from naming any place or person. Their judgment was correct; for the next day, though he woke to the deepest affliction, he was in all his faculties, himself again. But, during

the whole of that night of death, he did not again name the duke, whom he had sought, nor yet Nicholas, whom he seemed to have forgotten; stranger than all—but perhaps a merciful dispensation of Providence—he did not even name his Christabelle.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ L'onda dal mar divisa
Bagna la valle e'l monte;
Va passeggiara
In fiume,
Va prigionera
In fonte,
Mormora sempre e geme,
Fin che non torna al mar;
Al mar dov' ella nacque,
Dove acquistò gli umori,
Dove da' lunghi errori
Spera di riposar.”

METASTASIO.

CHEYNE was now once more the seat of mourning. Great indeed was the change from that joyous company, assembled to witness the celebration, both of the majority and the marriage, of the beloved but unfortunate Christabelle: all except the members of the family, including Sir Frederic, had thought it right to leave the house, and most of the party had already returned to their homes; but Lady Cecilia, and her daughter, who were more nearly interested by their relationship to Sir

Frederic, only retired to Lyle Comyn, being sincerely anxious to watch the effect which the late event might have on the happiness of those so dear to them.

Christabelle, on being conveyed to her apartment, had, by orders of Dr. M'Leod, been kept in the greatest seclusion. None but her own attendants had been suffered to approach her; and that sleep, which else would have deserted her eyelids, had been secured to her by opiates, which succeeded in procuring her repose. Dr. M'Leod, who happily was well acquainted with the patients with whom he had to deal, had with some little difficulty convinced Mrs. Murray that repose was needful for her also; if she wished to reserve her strength for the time when her motherly care would be most useful—a time when Christabelle should be sufficiently restored, to profit by mental consolation as well as by medical advice. At present, she was in a state of unconsciousness, which Dr. M'Leod was not anxious to interrupt; knowing that she would, alas! awake but too soon to a recollection of the lamentable past, and its fatal consequences.

Rather more than twenty-four hours had elapsed since the awful scene that has been

described, when Christabelle, slowly recovering from that heavy sleep, or rather trance, in which she had passed the interval, began to pay some gradual attention to external objects. At first, she did not clearly understand where she was; she had an obscure idea of having been laid on or in her bed in some unaccustomed manner, but her mind was not yet equal to the task of tracing back whatever might have happened to her. The bed, the room, were the same, the light in the usual place, but she was not the same; it must be herself in whom the alteration, whatever it were, had taken place. Her aching head refused to carry the painful inquiry further, and she relapsed into another state of unconsciousness.

This, too, may have lasted long. Time becomes a conventional standard of measurement, nay, almost a fabulous idea, to those whose senses are wrapped in that dreamy existence which is not sleep, neither is it death, though it seem to the debilitated sufferer like a long passage to eternity.

At last, she became aware of the presence of some persons in the room: she heard whispers. She had no desire to speak, and perhaps was

not able to do so; but she listened, or rather heard, with that nervously-quickenèd sense of hearing, which sometimes affects the excited organs of the sick, even to their disturbance.

“She wishes to be admitted,”—(It was Mitchell’s the housekeeper’s voice, which Christabelle distinctly recognised, though in a subdued tone.)

“Impossible!”—answered rather angrily another voice, which was no other than that of Dr. M’Leod.

“But if you saw and spoke to her yourself, doctor, could you not manage it?”

Christabelle now thought they were talking of herself, though it was beyond her comprehension at that moment to divine with regard to what subject.

“It cannot be—in any case it could not be without the duke’s permission, and that is out of the question, even if I would ask it, which I will not.”

“Oh, sir! she is in such a miserable way; you cannot think, she prays so to have her only request granted.”

“I cannot disturb the duke with harassing requests in his present state; he could not bear it.”

“ And she is the most beautiful young creature—and in such affliction.”

“ Who can she be? cannot Sir Frederic go and speak to her? Poor man, I am loath to ask anything of him now. On reflection, Sir Frederic of all persons is the last to apply to for such a purpose.”

“ Yes, sir, she says she knew Sir Frederic Perceval; you need not ask him. She is quite a lady, I am sure.”

“ I will see what can be done.” Christabelle, satisfied that it was not of her they were speaking, dosed again, before she could have heard the latter part of the conversation, or heard it so imperfectly, that it made no impression.

About one o'clock in the morning she awoke, and opening her eyes with a greater command of her faculties than she had hitherto been able to exert, she raised herself from her pillow, and looked around her.

Mrs. Murray, whose age and infirmities required rest, was gone to lie down in her own apartment; Annette, the only watcher, exhausted by the vigil of the previous night, and by the emotions caused by the deep distress of all

around her, and especially of her young mistress, to whom she had an attachment far beyond the common fidelity of domestics—Annette was slumbering in the arm-chair by the side of the low fire. Mrs. Mitchell had retired upon her errand, whatever that might be; Dr. M'Leod was with the duke, and likely to remain with him, as an attack of gout had come on which might possibly become serious. He thought, too, that he had left Christabelle under the influence of opiates sufficiently strong to ensure her sleeping till the morning. Opiates indeed she had taken, but the first effect of their power having procured her a considerable degree of repose, if not of sleep, she felt strong enough to rise from her couch without having a clear notion of what she was going to do. Her brain, still clouded by the potent drug, presented to her confused images of the past.

She arose, imperfectly comprehending the circumstances of Nicholas's death, and still less what her own position was. A secret and unaccountable consciousness that she had seen him bleeding, and in fact in the agonies of death, seemed to point out to her troubled mind the room where he lay, and a mysterious necessity

for her once more visiting the sad remains of her ill-fated brother. She felt she was incapable at that moment of reflection or judgment.

All this was a dim impression; it was a dreamy state of mind, but wandering over the image of sad reality. Slowly pacing through her chamber, now in obscurity, save where the night-lamp threw an uncertain flickering gleam across it, she passed one of the long mirrors with which the apartment is furnished. Almost in a state of somnambulism she stopped mechanically before it, and was arrested by the appearance of her own figure as she viewed it in the glass, and saw it as it was (partially) dressed on that fatal evening which brought mourning to the house of Cheyne. The sight, with its instantaneous recollections, aroused her.

When taken, unconscious, to her bed, they had forbore to undress the poor sufferer more than was necessary, and had left her beautiful hair still braided with flowers, which yet remained in it. She saw the fair white rose—emblem of her bridal self—alas, how faded! the pure and fragrant blossom of the jessamine had fallen, like many a fresh and innocent hope in the heart of its wearer, unheeded to the ground. The last gaze at that mirror, cold,

inanimate reflection of the joys and the sorrows alike that momentarily pass before it, had been one of joy and blushing bridal honours—now it was but a melancholy remembrance of the past; while the pale cheek and tearful eye betrayed the change that a few short hours had wrought in that gentle frame. She still retained in part her bridal dress of purest white; her rich lace and tasteful ornaments ill became the doomed victim of a relentless fate—they had decked the light form of one whose heart bounded with the prospect of future happiness, and with the most heartfelt gratitude to her Maker, they now adorned—yes, still adorned—the bride, the bride of the grave, the witness of her brother's death! His last words, "Marry him not—sister!" still resounded in her ears.

The dim chamber, the seemingly endless depth of the glass itself, and the relief which it gave to the snowy dress, the ashy countenance, and the still feverishly bright eyes of the restless Christabelle, partially illumined by the uncertain lamp-light, all gave an idea of death, and that termination of all our worldly sorrows which the grave alone can bestow. The impression was strong; it shot instantaneously through her brain, and at that moment in-

capable of fear—perhaps unable to judge deliberately of anything—she resolved to follow the impulse of her thought, wherever it might lead her.

Instinct, as well as reason, governs the action of all the human race under particular circumstances; and it is perhaps fortunate, that in cases where the mind is temporarily weakened, there is yet an instinct which may guide feeble mortals through scenes which would appall, if not permanently disorder, them. Impelled by a superior force, she did not hesitate an instant, but grasping the hand-lamp, passed noiselessly by the sleeping Annette, found the door, and passed out into the corridor, without waking her over-fatigued attendant.

The corridor was nearly dark, but there was an appearance of lights in a room beyond the hall, which made itself visible even at that distance.

Christabelle, leaving the gallery, proceeded down the broad oak staircase, and, crossing the hall, found that the lights which she had seen, must have issued from the library-door, to which, therefore, she made her way, scarce conscious of what she was doing, and with some

difficulty passed safely across the dark part of the hall.

Pausing a moment at the door, she took breath, and uttered a low but fervent prayer to God, for his mercy on herself and all those who were most dear to her. This was no superstition, but the genuine utterance of the heart, strongly moved on an occasion the most momentous that had ever occurred to her. Scrupulous as she had ever been to check all tendency to spurious or sentimental ebullitions of devotion, her genuine piety never refused to give free vent to the feelings of her heart in moments of trial.

Such trial did indeed await her—a trial which was to call for all her firmness, and through which nothing but her consciousness of rectitude, and her unflinching affection for her unhappy brother, could have borne her. She remembered, even at that fearful hour, the dying injunction of her mother—to love Nicholas as her own brother: a command to which she was strictly faithful, even to his death.

Christabelle pushed the half-open door, and entered.

The room was not to be easily recognised,

transformed as it now was into the chamber of death. The duke had given but one general order, that every thing should be done on the melancholy occasion befitting his own son. With no misplaced attempt at pomp, every preparation had been made on a scale corresponding with the duke's directions; the room was hung with black, yet the tapers burning round gave abundant light; yes, too much light!—for Christabelle was struck with a doubly painful sensation by the effect of so much brilliancy on an occasion when darkness and solitude would have better suited the temper of her soul. Solitude indeed it was not; for, in addition to watchers, who remained on their sad duty in an adjoining room, the door of which was not quite closed, there sat a true and afflicted mourner, whose anguish of mind no effort of compression could conceal. It was no other than Sir Frederic Perceval. Wrapt in his black cloak, as if resolved, by way of penance for his involuntary deed, to face death in its grim reality, he leaned his head on his hand and sobbed audibly.

How inexpressibly awful is it to the generous and humane man, to find himself unwittingly the cause of death to a fellow-creature! to have

taken away, by one incautious act, that blessing which cannot be restored! to have sent to his long account a human being, of whose moral condition he can know nothing, and whose soul's welfare must, by his act and deed, be placed without warning before the judgment-seat of God! To a finely sensitive man like Sir Frederic Perceval, such reflections were agonizing in the extreme.

Within a few feet was placed the coffin which now contained all the earthly remains of that reckless, but not the less unfortunate, young man, whom his weapon, so had Providence willed it, had brought to a violent and untimely end. Such are the contrasts of our destiny!

Yet can it be possible? Christabelle perceives another figure a strange figure . . . a woman kneeling at the foot of the coffin, her head buried in her hands, her gasping sobs, her convulsive motion, betraying all the intensity of her suffering.

At first, neither figure seemed to see, or hear, or to take notice of the silent entrance of Christabelle into the scene of their mourning. She approached, she paused, she moved onwards again. A deep sigh escaped her, which roused the female mourner from the grief

in which she was absorbed,—she raised her head, and fixed her black and lustrous eyes full upon Christabelle. Tears had not dimmed them, though intense feeling had added to their passionate expression. The features were known to her—regular, beautiful features; the figure, as she rose, was displayed in the most graceful mould of female form: the voice, at the first word, confirmed the impression that it was none other than Teresa, the Creole girl—whatever name she might now bear—that stood before her in all the majesty of womanly beauty.

To Christabelle it seemed like a dream. She could not connect the idea of this, her early friend, so long lost sight of, with any person or thing that should have brought her there at that hour of domestic grief. But there she stood in vivid reality, as having a right, or at least a claim, to be chief among the group of mourners, yet with no friendly feeling towards her companions in sorrow.

“You here, Christabelle! come to look at your victim yours and your father’s. Yes, you do well, truly, to gaze on him you have killed!”

Then the frantic woman seized the arm of

the unresisting Christabelle, and, in a paroxysm of frenzy, dragged her to the coffin, and boldly uncovered the head, and displayed the still fine but rigid features of the dead.

Turning to her, and fixing her eyes upon the pallid face of her whose affliction, if less violent, was far deeper-seated than her own, she exclaimed with wild vehemence—

“Christabelle, you know me not! Ah! . . . now . . . I see you do remember me you turn from me with scorn and contempt . . . You are like the rest of our false sex—woman, true woman—condemning a love you could never feel. . . . Cold, unfeeling, little do I care for all your pride and superciliousness, when he lies there for whom I would have given all! and he is lost to me for ever. You, whom he loved so well, could never appreciate him . . . and now by his cold remains I envy you, proud woman, the love he bore you, which brought him to his miserable end! Sneer on, thou virtuous one, I mind not thy condemnation! What are shame and humiliation to me, now that he is gone for ever?”

. Casting herself on the ground again, she sobbed convulsively, while Christabelle, trembling with alarm, gazed at her, uncertain what

to say: horror and surprise at the words she heard, left her no power of utterance.

It was indeed no other than Teresa, the Creole girl, that lovely and impulsive creature, whose accidental acquaintance in earlier years had caused the first symptoms of displeasure which Christabelle had ever experienced from her father; but now how changed, if not in person, at least in the circumstances under which she presented herself!

During all this distressing scene, the situation of Sir Frederic had been most painful; the little he might have known of the unhappy Teresa and her history, made him apprehensive of what might happen after so violent an outburst of passion; but, after a few minutes' reflection, he concluded it would be more considerate to leave the room, but not to remove to any great distance from the speakers. This he accomplished without even approaching Christabelle, and the effect of his departure upon the maddened nerves of her excited companion was immediate. Whether it was the relief from the presence of even a most passive witness, or the sight of the broken-spirited Christabelle, whose tears were falling rapidly, that wrought a change in the paroxysms of

that unhappy woman, it might be difficult to determine; but the moment after Sir Frederic had gently closed the door, her manner suddenly changed, and, throwing herself on her knees, she poured forth in broken accents her own sad and self-accusing history.

Sad indeed was the change! Those fine features, those brilliant Spanish eyes, were still there; but where was the bloom of youth and innocence, neither of which should, at her age, have fled? As soon as Christabelle had fully recognised her, she kindly led her by the hand into another room, where she could better recover her calmness, and assured her of her readiness to listen to all she desired to impart to her.

“I am—I am Teresa; but not that happy, careless Teresa, whom you knew in my youthful days, when joy, and luxury, and all that wealth could give, were mine in my father’s house. I am now, alas! a wife—but not a happy one; a mother,”—here she broke forth into a torrent of grief. “I am a mother, my children were once all to me—they are not now; What is their mother to them? forlorn in this wide world of woe? I left them, deserted them, and all my duties, but last morning, in

order to meet my beloved Nicholas at York, with his knowledge, indeed, but I will not say at his instigation; for it was my own wild, fearful passion that drove me, with domestic misery, to seek a wretched but passionate existence in some other and far distant clime—New Zealand, perhaps. Why do you shudder? Is New Zealand too good for such as we? Are the virtuous savages to point at a miserable woman, who seeks to hide her woes in those lone spots where at least the hospitality of Nature may be afforded to her who flies from our inhospitable civilization?”

“Your intended marriage drove him to madness, though he could neither prevent it, nor profit by its prevention. No! of that crime at least he was innocent!

“You are faint—stop—I must support you . . . mine is the tougher nature, I suspect. Pardon me, I cannot laugh; but I see the ridiculous poverty of human nature—yes, mine too, and every one’s. Satan sees it, and laughs, does he not?—horribly?

“Nay, take courage then, and hear me out. You, too, were interested for Nicholas—not as he was for you: your mildness saved you, even before the discovery of his birth. But it

will not hurt your interests, I believe, to know that I, if not he himself, had latterly reason to believe his mother's marriage legal, and himself—legitimate. You are a Lovel, and your sisters, too; this could not touch your position."

"Oh, please God, it were so!" exclaimed Christabelle; "even though he lived not to know it."

"A Greek priest, Mavrosцени by name, has lately made to him some communication on the subject; but he said the man's character was such that his testimony could not be received alone. Nicholas feared to trust his father with the secret; perhaps he judged prudently, as the duke had never shown him any confidence. This preyed, however, on his mind, and even in my eyes was speedily working to undermine his reason. At times, he would have perpetrated any crime. Yet I loved him!"

Christabelle had listened with breathless attention, but in a deeply suffering state of mind, to this sad relation of weakness and woe. Full of affection, as far as it is possible for affection to cling to an erring brother's image, she welcomed the idea of her brother's legitimacy; unsuspecting, and not perhaps pene-

trating, in this world's ways, she saw not that her own mother's position, and her own and her sister's legitimacy—whatever became of the Lovel inheritance—were jeopardized and prejudiced by it. Christabelle's kind heart yearned towards her early acquaintance, as soon as she saw her deep misery; she would not attempt to consider what might have been the future conduct of either Nicholas or Teresa, but drew, in her own thoughts, a charitable veil of darkness over the frailties of the dead, as well as over the passions of the now penitent living.

Teresa continued. "I was married very young to a Mr. Biron, a sporting man, unfitted to improve my character, or to preserve me in what good notions I may have. We were rich, but not suited to each other; and, after a time, his caprices and his ardour for every species of gaming left me exposed to ennui, and, by a natural consequence, to temptation. What wonder, then, if I loved that noble creature, Nicholas? We met in society, and soon became intimate. I imprudently, perhaps, confided my sorrows to him, and he soon knew all my thoughts, as his were known to me, even his hardly smothered love for you, Christabelle.

But I had—I still have—two innocent children; reckless of my own fame, I had not a right to tarnish theirs. This, more than virtue, had hitherto kept me in the straight path; I could not injure them, though I cared not for myself. Yet, had I found that fine generous being in life, I would have finally risked all, and even yesterday had prepared, were he willing, to go even to the world's end with him alone.

“Fate has prevented this crime. My escape from it is no palliation for me; conscience, too, loudly tells me, that though I did nothing purposely to attract him, and my levity of manner, which I know was talked of, arose from natural spirits whenever I could forget my domestic woes, and when I could not forget them, from a mad desire to drown them in fictitious pleasure. Never was I more unhappy than when the world has pointed me out as the very picture of joy. Mr. Biron cares not for me; if I return to him, which I still might—no one now but yourself knows why I left home—what but sorrow awaits me? Oh, Christabelle! you may have experienced grief, the affliction for inevitable events—but you know not the conscious sorrow of the soul for erring thoughts

and neglect of duty, for virtue despised, for sins, if not actually committed, at least not honestly shunned!

“My husband is racing and betting at Newmarket. I fled to York, expecting a letter—what tidings did I receive?—his death! I had thrown off appearances, frantic I rushed to Cheyne, to catch one last glimpse of him who was my beloved. I came to the door; the household, as I might have expected, refused to admit me—to you, to the duke, it was impossible to apply. I presumed on a slight acquaintance with Sir Frederic Perceval—may God above, if he hears my wretched prayers, bless him for his compassion!—in a word, he gained me admittance to the chamber of death.”

Exhausted, Teresa Biron sank upon the ground, and was only supported by the care of Christabelle. They mingled their tears, and each, though of character so different, felt strengthened by each other's sympathy. At first, Teresa was a prey to the wildest pangs of despair; but, by degrees, the calmer nature and more practised good sense of Christabelle, succeeded in restoring to her some degree of consolation. Far from using the common-place palliatives

for error, and trying, as is so often done, to persuade the humbled soul that there is no such great cause for grief, she wisely passed over the subject of the poor mourner's confession; and her only answer, when with bitter tears she exclaimed, "Life has no longer either joy or woe to the wretched Teresa!" was to hold out her arms, and fold the weeping penitent to her bosom.

"Nor was this movement of true Christian charity without its reward. Moved with a blended feeling of gratitude and surprise, Teresa fell upon her neck, and bathed it with tears, and crying, "Do you not, then, indeed loathe and detest me? Can you know my faults and pardon them? Can you forgive one who has loved him who loved you? Oh! Christabelle, you must be an angel on earth, if you can bring me hopes of pardon!"

"Teresa," was her answer, "I judge not the errors of another. Had I been so neglected, so tried, so tempted, so perchance might I too have erred; Teresa, repentance comes of God, and felt as you feel it, by suffering as I see you suffer, I cannot doubt its sincerity. Turn to Him who calleth sinners to repentance, and refuseth them not: dear, dear Teresa, hear me!

I, too, am much afflicted, and feel that you are a true partner in my grief."—They stood clasped in each other's arms, the innocent and the unworthy!

Is Christabelle soiled by her womanly tenderness—nay, more, her Christian charity—towards the victim of neglected education and ill-governed passion? Is she the worse in the sight of Heaven, in that she feels her soul melt with compassion towards her early and misdirected friend?

No: a comfort arises of which both partake—a comfort springing from the consciousness, that such holy consolation as can be imparted by the virtuous, and accepted by the penitent, is the true image, however ineffably distant, of the mercy of God to man.

Nothing but the effort which a sense of duty required her to exert, could have given Christabelle strength to go through the scenes of that fearful night: for herself, she would have been incapable of any exertion; for her friend, to whose unexpected presence Providence seemed to have guided her, she was equal to any exertion;—she succeeded—and was rewarded.

And Teresa Biron—had not the same pitying hand led her to the unsought meeting with

Christabelle, she, worn out with anguish of mind, with consciousness of evil intentions, would never have survived her disgrace.

That livelong night did the friends—for such they now were—sit side by side, and consider what should be the future conduct of Teresa Biron. After much persuasion, and much earnest exhortation on the part of Christabelle, the now humbled woman declared her readiness to submit to any course that might lie in the path of duty. Christabelle at last convinced her, that no actual guilt having been incurred, she ought at once to return to her husband as a duty, and to her children as a pleasure. This latter argument prevailed, and the very certainty of her husband's indifference, made the former more easy to her than it otherwise would have been. She yielded to her friend's superior judgment, but with a sincere desire and intention to make her repentance availing by a future adherence to those duties to which her heart was well inclined, though the imperfect principles of her education had failed to sustain her in their practice.

So ended this eventful night. On the morrow Christabelle, who had seen her unfortunate friend safely lodged in a chamber near her

own, sought early a conference with Sir Frederic through Mrs. Murray. At her earnest request, urged with all the energy of a virtuous resolution taken under such trying circumstances, they spoke kindly to Mrs. Biron, and in a few words both offered to accompany her to her husband's house, and to help to explain her absence from home on some reasonable grounds. Their known position in the Duke of Tintagel's family would vouch for the propriety of this step, and the urgency of an immediate decision on her part, sufficiently explained their pressing and instant departure.

Teresa, full of gratitude, and eager to make a friend of the venerable Mrs. Murray, whom she well knew as a child in Grosvenor Square, took a touching leave of her best friend Christabelle, and left Cheyne with her conductors, who returned after seeing her safe and composed, not with her besotted husband, who was fortunately still absent from home, but with her two lovely children. She lived to become an altered and a virtuous character, an excellent and anxious mother, and at least a dutiful wife, till death released her from her unworthy helpmate.

In her letters to Christabelle, she often re-

curred to the kind and judicious conversation of Mrs. Murray during that journey; and gratefully avowed how much she had profited by her gentle counsel, adding—"Oh, Christabelle! had I been blessed with such a guide during my neglected youth, I might have been good as you are. Even as I am, I owe whatever good I have to you, under God."

On Sir Frederic's and Mrs. Murray's return to Cheyne, they were greatly alarmed at finding Christabelle in the second day's attack of a nervous fever. Dr. M'Leod, who was attending her with care, but at the same time with deep anxiety, made no scruple of declaring that it was of a very serious nature, and beyond any thing that he could account for, even allowing for the deep affliction she had sustained.

Mrs. Murray and Sir Frederic could but too well account for the cause of her illness; but, as it would have made no difference, thought it more prudent to make no disclosures. It was evident to them, that the forcible repression of her own feelings, in addition to the events of the last few days, was sufficient to explain it. Both of them remained at Cheyne for some days, awaiting the crisis with apprehension too truly founded.

CHAPTER IX.

“ Swifter far than summer’s flight,
Swifter far than youth’s delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone:

“ As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone, alone.”

“SHELLEY.”

THE heavy trials to which the mind of Christabelle had of late been exposed, had proved too much for her; the consciousness of her father’s cares, and the near prospect of expected happiness for herself, had for some time kept all her faculties on the stretch previously to this last unlooked for calamity; and the effect upon a frame naturally not strong, though animated by a soul intent upon its duties, and enlightened by an intellect both clear and steady, was such as to awaken the most lively apprehensions for her safety. At one blow, she had seen herself deprived of a brother, to whom, in spite of his

faults, she was sincerely attached, and over whom she had ever flattered herself she might exert a salutary influence with regard to his future conduct; while at the same time she found herself imperatively called upon to reject the nuptials with his destroyer, innocent though he were of all guilt as to the blood of his accidental victim. And the rejected—the now most miserable of all concerned in the fatal drama—was the amiable, the accomplished Sir Frederic Perceval.

The unexpected meeting with her early friend, Teresa Biron, under the extraordinary circumstances which accompanied it, had taxed her nerve and command of mind to the utmost; and as soon as she had left Cheyne—Mrs. Murray and Sir Frederic having gone with her—Christabelle, left to herself, and unable to support the feeling of utter solitude and desolation into which she was suddenly thrown, gave way at once to a succession of hysterical attacks, which ended in fever. She had not even the melancholy consolation of her unhappy father's society; for he, suffering for some days past under a violent fit of gout, was perfectly incapable of visiting her apartment, or of receiving her in his. In this situation did Sir Frederic

and Mrs. Murray find her on their return to Cheyne.

Sir Frederic, from motives that will easily be appreciated, retired to his own house at Lyle Comyn; he sent daily inquiries after her health and that of her father, but abstained from appearing personally at Cheyne. Mrs. Murray, on her return, being seriously alarmed for the health of her beloved pupil, redoubled her care and attention towards her. Christabelle slowly recovered under the influence of her maternal affection, which went farther towards healing the wounded spirit than aught that skill or learning could effect. She knew when and how to talk to her; knew what welcome topics to bring forward, and what prudently to avoid; she spoke of her friend's gratitude, and pledges of repentance freely given during their journey; brought almost hourly news of the duke's gradual convalescence; and last, not least, drew her to turn her thoughts to the far absent Una.

Sir Frederic—Nicholas—on these subjects alone she dared not touch. Of all topics, her sister and her chosen path were what Christabelle loved most to dwell upon. She was now the thing nearest her heart, and Mrs. Murray knew that heart and its loving nature well.

Her father's health was also a subject of great anxiety to her, and she was with difficulty restrained from going to see him in his apartment, an effort to which she was as yet by no means equal.

Christabelle slowly recovered under the fostering care of those by whom she was surrounded; and her first impulse, as soon as she felt herself strong enough to undertake any task of serious import, was to write to Sir Frederic a full and honest account of her present miserable feelings, and of the necessity which gave rise to them. Still, she did not like to take a step of that nature—a step which must be final in so far as their engagement was concerned—without previously consulting her father; and she waited impatiently until Dr. M'Leod reported him to be sufficiently well to see her, and converse upon business.

At their first interview, however, she found him so much more reduced in strength than she had expected, and her own nerves so far more agitated than she had herself anticipated, that she was fain to postpone the subject she had at heart to a future moment. The words rose to her lips, but she could not utter them: the fatal proposal for a final rup-

ture of her engagement with Sir Frederic, remained buried in her breast. She could have written it, perhaps, in the solitude of her chamber—she might have bid the pen convey her meaning; but, scrupulous as she was as to her duty to her father, she would have thought it an act of disobedience to him, to write to Sir Frederic without his being made acquainted with the subject of her letter.

Her scruples prevented her equally from imparting her thoughts to Mrs. Murray, certainly not from want of confidence, but from a desire that her father, and he alone, should be the depositary of her secrets.

At length her father, on one of Christabelle's short visits to him, did of his own accord inquire whether she had heard of Sir Frederic; "for," he said, "nothing can have been more attentive than he has been in sending to know how I am."

"Yes, papa, he has made daily inquiries for us both, and I think has come here more than once himself for the purpose."

"And have you written to him?"

"Oh, no! but I must . . . I have something to say, dearest father . . ." The words came,

but her heart rose with them; not a syllable would pass her lips until nature yielded, and a flood of bitter tears came to her relief.

“My child!” exclaimed the duke with feeling, “well may you weep; your heart is indeed vexed. Tell me your thoughts—I know the strict principles which have ever been your guide; and I know also the sound judgment that you have constantly shown whenever you have had to decide for yourself.”

Christabelle, a little more at ease, began to explain the feelings with which she now regarded an alliance with Sir Frederic. With many tears, and frequent interruptions, she declared that it was impossible for her to wed the slayer of her brother, however innocent of his blood he might in truth be considered. She must make the sacrifice; she could never know a moment's peace did she think of being the wife of him whose ill-directed shot had deprived their dear Nicholas of life. Her mind was made up, and she had only to implore her father at once to accede to her determination; and to advise her as to the manner of acquainting Sir Frederic with it, so as to inflict the least possible wound upon his feelings. As to him,

she was so sure of his rectitude of principle, and of his deep affliction for the misfortune of which he had been the unwilling instrument, that she felt sure of his necessary though reluctant concurrence in her resolution, to abandon the idea of their union for ever.

“My mission,” she exclaimed with unwonted warmth, “was to make my brother feel that I felt for him as one, and to be all that a sister could be to him, in giving him a permanent home, and a steady character for his progress through life ; . . . and he is gone before that was accomplished!”

Christabelle’s eloquence, and, still more, her deep affection for the unfortunate Nicholas, worked powerfully upon her father’s mind. Whether he had thought of this obstacle before may be doubted; but his sense of propriety, his respect for the feelings and scruples of his daughter, of whose judgment he had a great opinion; and, moreover, his own remorse for the neglect in which he had suffered Nicholas to grow up, in spite of the love and good-will that had been shown towards him by his lamented wife while she lived, as well as by his daughters—all weighed heavily in the balance, when he thought on his intended

son-in-law as the author of his son's untimely end.

In spite of unfavourable appearances, Nicholas had been gradually more in his father's thoughts of late; and it is probable that he might have gained in time his proper place in the duke's affections. But that father was slow to resolve, slow to act; and, ere he could take any step, the opportunity was gone for ever.

He sighed heavily as he gave his sad, reluctant consent to the view his pure and high-minded daughter had taken of the line of conduct which, under the circumstances, she ought to pursue.

"My child," he said, "your own good heart is in this case your best adviser. Be it, then, as your conscience dictates. I need not say what I lose; your own loss must absorb every other consideration. I bow to the decrees of Heaven, and say no more. God bless you, my Christabelle!"

His daughter could not answer: overcome by contending emotions, but in nowise repenting of her decision, she affectionately kissed her father's hand, and bedewed it with her tears. The silence that ensued was to each a great trial. At length Christabelle, with an

effort that cost her much, arose from her father's side, and withdrew to her own apartment. Here she secluded herself, to weep alone, and to pray humbly for strength to communicate her resolve to Sir Frederic Perceval.

Her letter was not long; but she studiously avoided the appearance of an abrupt or hasty determination. She commenced by saying, that, although her heart was the same as ever, yet she thought that Sir Frederic must feel himself the fatal barrier that had arisen between them. She said that the recollection of it would perpetually haunt her in married life; and that she could not but take the strong—she hoped not superstitious—impression, that it had made upon her imagination, as a mild but serious warning from above, that their union could never be acceptable in the eye of Heaven. Avoiding every word, every shadow, of blame on one whom she knew to be bowed to the earth by this misfortune, she once for all solemnly renewed her declaration that him alone she loved; and expressed her own intention to live henceforth in a single state—a widowhood of the heart. Acknowledging a full sense of the delicacy which had kept him

at a distance from her during the late sad days of mourning, she now left it open to him to seek an interview with her, if he felt that it would be a relief to the feelings which she was convinced at that moment must be in unison with her own.

The letter was despatched to Lyle Comyn by a special messenger, who was ordered not to wait, in order that a full day might elapse before Sir Frederic could return a final answer.

How blest is the confidence of love! At a moment of the deepest family distress, of personal affliction, with hopes blighted, and the long-cherished prospect of future happiness destroyed, still did these kindred hearts, strong in mutual faith as in high and virtuous principle, intuitively divine each other's steadfast views of right and wrong, and bow with resignation to the bitter lot that was assigned to them.

Christabelle's messenger had scarcely left Cheyne, when a servant of Sir Frederic's, who had crossed him on the road, put into her hands a letter from his master. It was brief—stating that he knew she felt as he did—that he foresaw his fate—and that, however guiltless of her brother's death, he could never, with that brother's blood upon his hands, urge his claim, or

pretend as a right to the happiness of being her husband. And he begged her to fix some future day for an interview: final, if *so* she willed it to be.

She sent back word that she only awaited his reply to her own letter.

Two days passed, and in the meantime the duke, daily attended by his affectionate daughter, and cheered by the calm yet contented mien which she forced herself to wear, made some progress towards recovery. Still, a gloom hung over his spirits, and he seemed at times anxious to converse with Christabelle upon several matters, which he suddenly and abruptly dropped, as if afraid to trust himself with the subject to which he appeared to be approaching.

A letter received from Una after a remarkably quick passage, brought joy to the house from which it seemed fled for ever. Una had become the happy mother of a little daughter: it was to be named Christabelle after her now only sister, and many were the fervent prayers of the parents, that she might live to imitate her far-distant godmother in virtue and in beauty. Una described her happiness with an enthusiasm and glow of colouring of which her

usually calm nature hardly seemed capable. She had heard of Christabelle's intended marriage, which she thought might already have taken place, and wrote her ardent prayers that her union with Sir Frederic Perceval may be as blessed as her own has been with Bernard Clive.

This letter, or rather letters—for there was a packet of them—were at once both a severe trial and a balm to the heart of Christabelle. So much was said by both Bernard and Una, who were equally attached to her, that would not have been said had they had a suspicion of the sad reality, that it required great courage in Christabelle to support the reading of their good wishes. Yet the description of her sister's bliss, which no circumstances of her own could prevent her from rejoicing in to the utmost, gave a happy turn to her present thoughts, and afforded a pleasing change of subject to the meditations of her father. He indeed, who in general mentioned her early, and, as he termed it, rash expatriation, with some degree of impatience, was now lowered in spirit as well as in health, and was gratified with Una's minutely detailed pictures of her domestic happiness, blended as they were with local descriptions of

a character bordering on romance. He agreed that she had chosen a lot for which she was fitted, and in which she could be eminently useful, adding with a sigh, "Why have we not all of us done something equally serviceable to mankind?"

He never alluded to Ianthe by name: the remembrance was too painful, as well as too nearly connected with Nicholas, to be dwelt upon; but he occasionally spoke in general terms of his three dear daughters. Christabelle noticed all these peculiarities, as, sick at heart herself, she was watchful not to introduce subjects that might give pain to her father.

On the evening of the second day, as Christabelle was sitting musing at her own window, and slowly revolving in her mind the many and singular chances and trials that had befallen her in her short but eventful life; and while her eyes were absently wandering over the masses of snow, that were still lingering here and there on the wintry landscape—her attention was arrested by the appearance of a man on horseback slowly making his way up the avenue. Her heart beat as she thought it might possibly be the anxiously-expected messenger from Sir Frederic. What was her surprise to discover,

on his approaching the house, by his careful and evidently short-sighted manner of picking out his road among the heaps of half-melted ice, which made the path really dangerous, that it was no other than Sir Frederic himself, followed at a short distance by a groom. He halted as soon as he came to the front of the house, and beckoning the servant, gave him a letter, which the man, riding forward, delivered to a footman. Waiting for no answer, in apparent obedience to his orders, the groom galloped back to Sir Frederic, who hastily turned his horse, and was soon lost sight of in the avenue. He had evidently satisfied the cravings of his heart in being himself the bearer of his answer, and forthwith returned to Lyle Comyn, unconscious of having been seen by her whom he valued beyond all other living women, and who requited his affection with a love which, blasted as it was, yielded not to his own in intensity.

The letter was immediately brought up to Christabelle, who with trembling hands impatiently broke the large black seal, and read in it that Sir Frederic would not fail to be at Cheyne the next day at noon, prepared to receive her last commands, and, whatever they

might be, to obey them. Short and simple as his letter was, and totally devoid of any sort of demonstration of feeling, it yet spoke to her the language of sympathy. At the foot of the page were two or three words beginning a fresh sentence, but hastily blotted, as if he were loth at such a moment to betray any token of what might seem like unsteadiness of purpose; of these the word "dear" was alone indistinctly legible. This, and his excessive anxiety about the delivery of the letter, clearly evinced by his coming himself to deliver it at Cheyne, gave another mixed pang to that sad and wounded heart.

The morrow came, and, after a sleepless night, Christabelle prepared herself, long before the appointed hour, to receive Sir Frederic Perceval.

She sat waiting for him in the library, and tried to occupy herself, but in vain, with a thousand common or uncommon things; attempted to read in vain, changed her seat, and made herself so nervous that she was less in a state of mind for the interview than ever. At last, she remembered that she had not seen her father that morning; so, hastily repairing to his apartment, she sat some short time by his side, and relieved her mind by telling him she ex-

pected Sir Frederic to arrive, and that she persisted in all she had previously explained to him. He gave her his blessing, his dear, his honourable child, as he fondly called her; and she, moved, but strengthened and refreshed in heart, returned to wait in the library. At length Sir Frederic was seen riding up to the door, and in a few minutes was ushered into the saloon, while a servant went to announce his arrival to Christabelle.

Christabelle, whose first intention had been to receive Sir Frederic in the library, no sooner heard that he was shown into another room, than, as if unwilling to trust herself with a moment's delay, or to risk an interval, however short, in which she might be left to her own thoughts, walked with a quick, but firm step, to the saloon, hardly daring to breathe as she went along.

Sir Frederic, dressed as one of the family, in deep mourning (a circumstance which seemed so natural after the great calamity of which his hand had been the instrument), was standing by the fire-place, his arm leaning on the mantel-piece. Christabelle entered so softly, the door between the two rooms having been open, that her noiseless footsteps were not

heard upon the carpet: she saw the unhappy man, as he stood with his back turned to her, and her courage had nearly forsaken her. Her will was ever fixed to the purpose for which she was there; but her trembling limbs refused to support her agitated frame, and she sank almost fainting on the first seat that offered itself.

Sir Frederic turned abruptly round, and as their eyes met, it was difficult to say whether one was more astonished than the other at the havoc which the troubles of those few days had wrought in each of them. She saw his earnest and always rather grave countenance, now so pale and worn; his dark and intelligent eyes, now weakened by violent emotion; she saw that expression of benevolence, which she had so often admired in his features, still there indeed, but subdued into a fixed look of hopeless grief.

He stepped forward, and, taking her hand, raised her, as she was nearly overcome by her tumultuous sensations.

"I am come," he said, "at your command, as, while life shall last, I shall ever obey those you are pleased to give me. I will not pain you by asking you to repeat that sad, irrevoc-

cable sentence, which I know but too well you have pronounced; but I am here, humbled by my misfortune, to express to her whom I have loved, shall ever love, that even in this stern determination I admire her noble character, if possible more than ever, at the moment of our eternal separation."

"Oh! not eternal," Sir Frederic; "our parting, though indeed it be final here on earth, yet even on earth—let me say—we may still think, and cherish our mutual love—as if in Heaven."

"You are still the same paramount object of my affections, of my admiration; I know not whether the resolution you have taken gives me courage, but never had I yet the hardihood to tell you how far you are superior to your sex in all things, even in this painful but virtuous decision. Your spotless soul, your admirable mind, I may still love, for I appreciate them, and not to love God's purest work would be impossible. Say, is it permitted to devoted heavenly love so far to occupy itself with the welfare of the being most dear to it, that some tidings may be from time to time vouchsafed—some knowledge of their respec-

tive condition afforded to our hearts through mutual friends, or correspondence?"

"Yes, that, after a time, we may allow, but not immediately: better to part now in earnest, yet in friendship; let us then write, but years must pass ere we can meet without reproach."

"To me, Christabelle, there is this one comfort, that, long as we both live, your existence is the bright spot to which my heart will ever turn: but for you, so young, your wasted youth, you, formed for every virtue, every duty of woman"——

"God will guide us, and duties enough remain to me. We part, then—but stay a time at Lyle Comyn: you will have news of me—of my father—adieu."

She took his hand, and he, seizing the hand that held him, pressed it to his breast—with throbbing heart, with dry and tearless eye: once, only once, transported by his emotions, he folds her silently in his arms—and he is gone!

The shock Christabelle had sustained from this sudden breaking off of all that she had looked forward to as happiness in this life, had nearly thrown her into a very serious relapse

of her former illness. Her strong resolves to withstand every inward longing for that union which her high principles had peremptorily forbidden, and at the same time her dutiful attention to her father during his very slow convalescence, succeeded in carrying her through the difficulties of her position. She resumed, with diligence, her former occupations, which were mostly directed towards works of charity and utility, in connexion with the parishes belonging to her property. The improvements of cottages, the founding of schools, repairs of churches, and the manifold channels in which the beneficence of the rich may be made to flow, were none of them neglected by her. In these good deeds, the young clergyman of Cheyne, Mr Edmund Gray, became her constant and zealous assistant, and her father showed an increasing earnestness to make up for former remissness, in doing everything to second the pious intentions of his daughter. His health gradually resumed its former tone, but his spirits seemed oppressed by an increasing gloom.

Christabelle had never, as yet, had courage to inform her father of the unexpected, and as it may truly be called the untimely, visit of

Teresa Biron to Cheyne, on that awful night when death itself, in all its horrors, had visited their house. She knew it would require so much explanation, and that not of an agreeable character, that, knowing her own inaptness to enter on the subject, she prudently refrained from alluding to it. Yet this very silence, this concealment of facts from her father, was so unusual to her, that she felt herself in an unnatural position, which, however, she had not strength to improve. Mrs. Murray and Dr. M'Leod had cautioned her against mentioning it to the duke, until she should be quite satisfied of the temper in which he was likely to receive the communication; and of that point no one felt less assured than herself. Mrs. Mitchell was easily convinced that it ought not to be talked about, and people will sometimes keep a secret, when they know the divulging of it may bring a slight shade of blame to themselves, especially when supported by the comforting expectation of being allowed to talk freely at some distant day. The consequence was, that for the present nothing was said.

But the family had not yet tasted the last drop of misfortune. Another blow awaited

the unhappy father and the affectionate sister, both now little able to bear a further calamity. Christabelle had given up all thoughts of appearing in the world; and, had she no other reason, her now very delicate health would have been sufficient to keep her stationary in the country. She had been advised to spend another winter in Cornwall, but her heart revolted at the thought. She had no liking to go abroad, nor had she any faith in expatriation, as a remedy for those who truly love their home: her father, too, now showed no inclination for the fatigues of another voyage. Enfeebled, but contented, she, therefore, remained at Cheyne.

Many months passed. During this period, nothing was heard of Una.

Everything continued at Cheyne on the usual footing. Sir Frederic remained at his solitary mansion, with some relations.

The anxiety felt by the family from Una's long silence, was at last doomed to be broken by the news of the heaviest misfortune that could now overtake them. A letter from Mr. Clive, written in a moment of the deepest affliction, gave the information of the death of his young and amiable wife, and of their only child,

under circumstances calculated to add, if possible, to her loss. She had been, as was frequently the case, kindly attending the sick couch of a native woman, one of her husband's most respectable and promising converts, without knowing that the disease by which she was attacked, was in reality the small-pox. She had begun to feel herself unwell, when the mail arrived from England bringing her, instead of the account of Christabelle's marriage, which she had so long anxiously expected, the sad story of that frightful catastrophe which had prevented it.

Dreadful indeed was the sudden revulsion of feeling that ensued: her heart, beating with anticipation of a beloved sister's happiness, and naturally reverting with mingled pleasure and melancholy to the scenes and recollections of home, was quite unprepared for the shock. Her natural calmness and placidity of temper, which covered a tender and affectionate disposition, was not proof against so unexpected a misfortune. She tried to bear up, and in fact, supported by a kindred mind in her husband, she did reason, and resign her mind to the fearful blow: but although her Christian submission bowed to the decrees of Providence, the earthly

frame gave way under the heavy burthen that was imposed on it.

Briefly, the unhappy Una sank under the affliction: she sickened rapidly of the disease she had taken; and, as was but too likely, communicated it to her infant—her little Christabelle—who followed her mother to an early tomb. At one blow, Bernard Clive saw himself deprived of an incomparable helpmate and of his only child.

This letter was, as might be supposed, an overwhelming stroke to both father and sister. The duke, whose now enfeebled health reacted upon his mental energies, and who had for some time concentrated his thoughts more and more upon his children, felt the loss of his youngest daughter—though half the Globe was between them—almost as if it had been in his immediate presence. Christabelle in vain attempted to rouse herself to any exertion or participation in the affairs of this world. Her sister and her sister's child, even if never to be seen by her, would have been a sacred tie by which she would have felt herself bound to life: her correspondence with Una, to which she had looked forward with such hope as years rolled on; the interest she would have taken in partly

guiding, from afar, the hazardous education of that lovely child, had she been spared;—all now had vanished like a dream, and Christabelle, whose youth had been rich in sorrows, felt weary and old before her time.

Bernard himself went through the heavy task of committing the remains of all most dear to him to their early grave: and, as he wrote in terms of the greatest affection to his sister-in-law, repeated the firm hope of his departed wife, that they should meet in a better world.

“All that was nearest my heart,” he wrote, “reposes beneath the tall and graceful palm-trees of our Christian cemetery, where the glowing nature of a southern clime speaks, in God’s own language, of hope, of beauty, and perfection: it is my early walk at dawn, my latest at our glorious sunsets;—there my spirit renews its covenant with the Almighty, seeks renewed strength to pursue with unabated vigour its chosen missionary path; and, seeking in faith, finds it. Though hid beneath that flowery sod, she is ever present to me, who was the life, the soul of my undertaking: which, by God’s grace, I will persevere in even unto death.”

UNA'S GRAVE.

The evening breeze is whisp'ring low,
The forest depths among,
Bright birds beneath the sunset's glow,
Awake their vesper song:

Where bending o'er the humble cross,
The palm-trees fling their shade;
Casting athwart the emerald moss
A shelter, none invade.

No kindred graves find place around,
No sister weepeth nigh;
Her household sleep in other ground,
In other countries lie.

Few are the words that record hath,
But they suffice to tell
How, following in the Saviour's path,
The Missionary fell:

For she had come from far off clime,
The word of life to bear,
The promise of all future time,
With heathen hearts to share.

Yes! oft at morn and purple eve,
To deck her grave with flowers,
Shall heathen hands rich garlands weave,
Cull'd from their fragrant bowers:

The summer's wind shall sweep her tomb,
And leave its incense there,
While high amid its sacred gloom
Shall rise the voice of prayer.

CHAPTER X.

“When he had read this letter to her, he gave her therewith a sure token that he was a true messenger, and was come to bid her make haste to be gone. The token was, an arrow with a point sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which, by degrees, wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone.”—PILGRIM’S PROGRESS.

CHRISTABELLE’S health was now seriously shaken; her spirits pined, her youth and beauty faded away. So many repeated blows—the last, too, the effect of that sisterly love that Una had ever borne her—had been too much for her. To how many, alas! had she not been the innocent cause of death!

Sir Frederic Perceval, who was quickly informed of the new affliction which had fallen upon the family, immediately wrote to ask permission to offer his sincere condolences at Cheyne. His anxiety for the health of Christabelle under her present visitation, prompted him at the same time to ask leave to see *her*, as the present circumstances were so far different

from those contemplated at the time of their separation but a few short months before. His request was granted without hesitation.

He found the duke in that mixed state that is often the sign of great inward struggle between deep manly grief and the determination, if possible, to resist it. Seemingly well in health, except a slight lameness from his frequent attacks of gout, he was at the same time wofully depressed in spirits: at times, a sort of unnatural activity would seize him; he would ride, walk, occupy himself with his affairs when not with his daughter, see any one that called, converse—but all without the least cheerfulness; nothing brought a ray of joy to that melancholy and heavily-afflicted soul, unless it were a faint symptom of improvement that he thought he saw in the looks of Christabelle.

He watched her indeed most tenderly, but could not avoid seeing that, on the whole, her health declined but too visibly. Then, indeed, his feelings often overpowered him, and for her sake, as well as his own, he was forced to leave her presence. The occasional, and latterly daily, visits of Sir Frederic, were a great relief to him.

Mrs. Murray's society had now become such

a necessity for her, that, at Christabelle's entreaty, she came to re-occupy her former apartments at Cheyne. It seemed to be the greatest pleasure to either, though both were far advanced from the period of life at which their original connection had begun, to recall as much as possible the incidents of their early and reciprocal attachment. Christabelle was never so tranquil, so free from nervous agitation—never did her eye brighten up with such genuine satisfaction—as when the old and affectionate guardian of her youth would sit in the same well-remembered chair by the fireside, take the same well-worn books that had furnished the still unforgotten lessons of her childhood, enliven them with the same remarks, and end them with the same morals, that had helped to form her character in those early days when she first began to appreciate them. “How happy am I,” she would say, “to have lived, to return in mind, to those blissful days, when I knew not the full value of your care indeed, though I was sensible of your affection: happy now to thank you, the true mother to us three orphans, who seem still in my memory even as if present, sitting, contented children beside you; doubly happy to have

you with me as a friend, my only friend, at these moments when every thing around seems to contract into a smaller and yet smaller circle, till I discern nothing clearly save my dear home on earth—and my Father which is in Heaven!”

During the past summer, Christabelle had regularly employed herself in driving about in her little pony carriage to the different schools and many of the cottages in the parishes belonging to Cheyne: she was then no longer able to walk as usual, and had felt herself to be in so declining a state of health, that it was incumbent upon her to see quickly to that which she had most at heart—namely, the welfare of those dependent on her. Her having done so was now a source of the most heartfelt satisfaction, and was in a great degree the cause of the happy serenity which she enjoyed. She had, in conjunction with her father, founded two churches, one at Cheyne, and one in Cornwall, which she did not hope to live to see completed, but which she was prepared to leave with a perfect reliance to the care of Him to whose service they were dedicated. All these and other charitable matters she talked over freely with Mrs. Murray, and with Sir Frederic.

He, as well as Christabelle, felt the benefit of having this common topic, in which the best qualities of both were interested; and, while calmly discussing projected works of utility and religion, they seemed more than friends, more than lovers; they were in heart and soul as united as if they had been early espoused, and that long and happy years had rolled over their heavenly marriage. Can any mortals await their end in a more blessed disposition of mind?

Sir Frederic saw clearly the firm tone of mind that his beloved (for such in truth and purity she still was) was endowed with: her faith needed no human help; but she daily and anxiously studied the Scriptures. In such reading he usually accompanied her, explained from the stores of his information the historical passages, and threw light upon those doctrinal difficulties which have proved a stumbling-block to many. He sought out the most useful references from authorities in the library, gave her instances, both ancient and modern, of every thing that could serve to illustrate or exemplify either the moral obligations or the peculiar customs alluded to in Holy Writ; and in short, seconded Mrs. Murray so happily in

all the efforts she made to soothe and interest the mind of his "Bride in Heaven," that the duke, grateful beyond expression, besought him to take up his abode for the present at Cheyne.

He did so. Christabelle, by degrees, became so habituated to take his advice upon every subject, that she at last made up her mind to consult him, with Mrs. Murray, as the only two persons who were cognizant of the matter, upon the propriety of mentioning to her father the presence of Teresa Biron on that eventful night, which could never be effaced from her memory. Sir Frederic recommended that the duke should be informed of it without delay, and offered himself to be the first to mention it, when Christabelle would feel herself more at liberty to enter into details: and Mrs. Murray, who had conducted her to her home, and who had had opportunities of learning more of the mind of that sincere, but ill directed, understanding, than either of them, volunteered to add to her testimony in so far as it might be of service.

Sir Frederic then sought an interview with the duke, and prefacing his disclosure with the intimation, that it was as a mere matter of fact and of business that he was induced to recall to the duke's memory that fatal night—the re-

collection of which weighed more heavily on himself than it could on any other man living—proceeded to state, with as little of the harrowing circumstances as possible, that a lady had suddenly arrived at Cheyne, whom he, at her earnest solicitation, had been obliged to see. He added that she had also accidentally met Christabelle, and had conversed with her for some time apart, and that the duke's having been so ill at the time, had been the only reason why the circumstance had not been spoken of to him: that Christabelle had lamented this reserve more than any one, and had commissioned him to state the fact to her father, and to answer any questions that might suggest themselves to him respecting it.

“Who was this lady?” asked the duke, indifferently.

“A Mrs. Biron: very handsome, but apparently in a very nervous and very distressed state of mind.”

“Mrs. Biron? What could she want at such a moment? who is she?”

“A lady whom I remember to have met sometimes in London, and particularly in society which poor Nicholas constantly frequented.”

“ Oh, indeed! I recollect hearing of her from Countess von Arnheim: but what did she here?”

“ Apparently a frenzied passion for him—for Nicholas—impelled her. Christabelle behaved like an angel, took her into the inner library, soothed her, induced her to take the rest her mind and body were equally in need of, and persuaded her, after a long conversation, to which I was not witness, to go home to her husband the next day, under a suitable escort.”

“ Extraordinary! Perhaps, however, the story had better not be further inquired into. But stay, did she say any thing—that is, any thing that could interest us about that poor boy?”

“ I hardly know what to say, having only heard it from Christabelle so long afterwards: but I know Mrs. Biron has written to Christabelle since that time, and that she seems gratified by her letters. Yet all that has nothing to do with your question. I did hear that she said that a Greek priest, I forget his name, had had some important communication with him.”

“ Ha! a Greek priest? I know the man—

fellow—I know not what to call him. He must be old now—yes, his evidence will soon be lost in the course of nature. Mavrosceni—it must have been he, if one could get truth from the fellow’s lips—if he could prove that he was a real priest, which he has asserted and denied, as he thought it was his interest. Sir Frederic, I have no opinion of that man; you know the unhappy story of Nicholas’s birth—now he is gone, alas! what can it signify to any one but my troubled conscience?”

“And that is every thing.”

The duke sighed deeply, and after a long pause continued :—

“If Mavrosceni knew that I now wanted to prove him to be a priest of the Greek church, he would contrive to certify it to all appearance as well as he formerly proved that he was not one, when he thought that I rather wished that he were not so; but I will follow the matter up. Is Christabelle well enough to let me talk to her—very quietly—about such an affair as this?”

“If you will come to her this evening, when she takes her little cup of tea—as you know, almost all she lives on at present—I am sure she would like to talk to you. Her anxiety

was such to have the load off her mind (for your being still in ignorance of Mrs. Biron's visit, the scruples of her conscience dwelt on as a sin), that I took upon myself to come and mention the subject, in order to tranquillize her, and indeed to spare her the fatigue."

"I will not fail her: meanwhile, I think I have some papers that may assist me in clearing up the darkness that surrounds me in respect to the most important act of my youth. I am old, and it cuts me to the heart; but as a duty to so many now no more, whose honour is concerned, I will not flinch from it."

"Depend upon it," said Sir Frederic, "I will undertake any trouble to assist you in your researches; if you wish me to go to London, I am at your orders."

"Not yet—I must spare my dear and sensitive daughter's feelings in her present state: I will therefore explain to you what I would rather avoid touching on with her. I possess the original memorandum—certificate, alas! I as yet dare not call it—of that marriage . . . which led to the birth of him . . . I will not name him to you—dear Sir Frederic, I see how you suffer. That memorandum is signed by Mavrosceni, priest or no priest: I must get

him to acknowledge his signature, and to produce proofs of his clerical position which will satisfy my lawyer—to whom I will write by the very next post.

“I also know the date of my subsequent marriage, the catastrophe of that innocent . . . deserted creature . . the boy’s rescue, and my wretched servant Luigi’s dying attestation as to who he and his poor mother were.”

“These things are all capable of legal proof.”

“I hope they are;” answered the duke, who could not resume his discourse for some minutes, owing to the bitterness of his recollections.

“What country does Mavrosceni belong to?”

“I believe he is a Greek subject of the Porte, born in Moldavia, but better known at Malta, and I fancy not very favourably there. He will escape us, or cheat us, if we do not manage well. Those fellows can always make themselves out Russians if it comes to a point that may be disagreeable to themselves.”

“There may lie a difficulty, certainly. But I will run up to town, see your lawyer, and inquire at some of the foreign consulates.”

“Even that point gained, there is still another, a dreadful one, which must be cleared up. I hesitate to name it . . . but it is this.

“My memorandum of the event at the river side . . . you know what I mean . . . the stoppage of our bridal train in going to embark on board our yacht, the attendance at the police office, the rescue of that boy from a watery grave, by the gallant sailor, Johnson, (both now in New Zealand)—is all complete as to date—except in a vital point, the hour at which that catastrophe . . . that death, that lies heavy on my soul. . . ”

He could proceed no further. Sir Frederic, deeply affected, uttered but these words:—

“Alas! . . . is not my case the same?”

“Oh no, no! nothing can equal my guilt. One fault, one moral cowardice, brought on another; and you now know, my dear Sir Frederic, how wretched it has made my life. But we must to work.

“You see how the case stands. We were married early—at ten o’clock, I know—nine it was to have been, but for some unavoidable delay . . . early, in order to be on board in time for the ebb tide below London Bridge—oh! how I remember that day—little did I

think that unfortunate . . . little did I think that poor boy . . . I had no idea, then, that their lot was bound up with mine. But this is retribution! Justice of Heaven! I acknowledge thee!"

"Be calm, I entreat," said Sir Frederic, anxious to recall the duke to the point without delay.

"I will proceed. The angel I had then to wife, touched with charity, or perhaps some interposition of Providence, rescued the boy, and brought him up. Heaven mercifully permitted that she should not know the truth till many years afterwards, not long before her own end, from the confession of Luigi. In equal mercy has Heaven spared her the knowledge of all our calamities since that time, by taking her early to the place her saintlike virtues fitted her for.

"But I wander. If you would go to London, see my lawyer, whom you know, in Lincoln's Inn, and after he shall have given his advice, try to get from the Thames police office a copy of the record, if they keep such things, of the exact time at which that poor soul, Veronica, actually perished; it may—or it may not—settle the legality of my second marriage

with all its momentous consequences to wife—children—and myself.”

“I see it all plainly now. I will prepare for London instantly, while you talk to Christabelle about Mrs. Biron and Mavrosceni. Once in town, I go straight to Lincoln’s Inn, to the police office, and to the embassies, where Mavrosceni may possibly be heard of. The fewer persons I have to confer with the better, I think.”

They separated, and the duke, having desired to see Mrs. Murray, learned from her that Mrs. Biron was no other than Miss Revel, whose acquaintance with Christabelle as a girl he had suddenly put an end to.

This was a circumstance so long gone by, and so completely hidden by all the events of years that elapsed since that time, that it had no effect upon the duke in his present state of infirmity and anxiety. Mrs. Murray told him also that she had accompanied Mrs. Biron to her home, and that from her conversation, which, owing to the poor woman’s intense gratitude to Christabelle, as well as to her own sudden revulsion of feeling, had been quite unrestrained, she had learned much of what the duke desired to learn from Christabelle.

“I am glad, my lord,” said Mrs. Murray,

“to have seen you before going to her apartment, as she is rather in a nervous state to-day. All I have been able to state will be so much taken from the conversation she would otherwise have been obliged to enter into, which you will perhaps let her know at once, as the subject is exciting, and her anxiety now is, that you should pardon her for not having disclosed these occurrences before; but while you were ill, Dr. M’Leod, though ignorant of the matter, would not allow you to be troubled, and since that time nothing till now has arisen to revive it.”

“Pardon her! dear child. Yes; her affection for me is paramount to every thing. God pardon me!”

Mrs. Murray had now led the duke nearly to the door of his daughter’s sitting-room, when she moved to leave him; but the duke begged her to remain, if not in the same room, at least within a short distance, in case a communication with her might be necessary.

He entered the apartment, and told the maid who usually sat there, that he was coming, and was immediately admitted into the invalid’s dressing-room.

And she was now indeed an invalid: that

pallid cheek, that narrowed countenance, that sweet but melancholy smile when her dear parent was announced, all betokened that the constitution had sunk at least to a point from whence recovery was doubtful. She stretched out her white emaciated hand as she half raised herself from the sofa on which she reclined, and in a low, but silver tone, said, "I am so glad to see you, dear papa!"

"God bless you, my dear child! and he will bless you, as he has blessed me, undeserving, with such a daughter. Mrs. Murray and Sir Frederic have both told me you wished to speak with me; and indeed have told me half of what you had to say, I believe."

"Yes, papa, I had something to say—but I feel weak, and cannot now enter into many particulars. But I want your forgiveness for not having spoken before."

"That, my dear, you may be well assured of," said the duke; "but I will begin by telling you what I have been informed of, and then you will know what to add. Mrs. Murray says you must be spared any unnecessary fatigue or anxiety to-day, and I see she is in the right."

The duke then proceeded to tell Christabelle what he had heard of Mrs. Biron's extraordi-

nary visit; and, without dwelling upon that lady's own share in what might have concerned Nicholas, he passed on to the mention he understood she had made of a communication from a Greek monk to Nicholas on the subject of his birth, and wished, if Christabelle remembered the particulars, that she would relate them. He would rather, if possible, get at any information about him without having to write to Mrs. Biron herself for it.

The duke tried to make it appear a matter of small importance, arising out of Christabelle's intended communication to him, rather than a predetermined inquiry that he had himself at heart; but his voice faltered, and his looks betrayed the agitation of his mind. Christabelle perceived this, and taking a letter from her box on the table by her side, said,—

“Here, dear papa, is the best authority; it is a letter from Mrs. Biron herself, written a short time after her return home. It contains more than what she told me in words, and expressly states that it is all she knows on the subject.”

“Will you read it, my dear?”

“I am glad to do so, to spare you the poor forlorn soul's thanks to me, and all who took

an interest in her on that awful night. She has written several times since, and is so thankful to have been saved from an abyss of misery and guilt. If you do find it necessary to apply to her, she would help with heart and hand to procure the necessary information."

Christabelle then read a long paragraph from the letter, to the purport, that Mrs. Biron had often heard Captain Brydges complain of being followed and tormented by a Greek priest, who pretended to have a secret of great importance to impart to him—that he tried in vain to shake him off; but, being forced to listen to him, he, by degrees, took up the man's opinions, and had told Mrs. Biron that Mavro —— somebody, had proofs to give of his legitimacy.

Here poor Christabelle seemed to recollect herself; she paused—her colour came—she burst into tears. The letter fell from her hand. She recovered herself, but was unable to go on.

"May I read the rest?" asked the duke.

"*I cannot,*" feebly answered she. The duke took the letter, and read that Mavrosceni was loud in his abuse of the duke, and tried to set Nicholas as much as possible against his father, saying that he endeavoured to prove that he was or was not a priest, just

as it suited the duke's own convenience, or momentary impulse, to consider Veronica as his lawful wife or not. But he constantly told Nicholas that he ought to be the young Marchese, that he could prove his own clerical orders in his own church; and that some clever English lawyer, whom, however, Nicholas could never get him to name, had assured him that he could make his mother's marriage stand good in law. Nicholas had promised, if ever it were in his power, to reward him—this was natural; but Mrs. Biron added, that her opinion of Mavrosceni was so bad, that, supposing his story to be true (which even Nicholas, so deeply interested, would not credit on his sole testimony), he was quite capable of denying it all, now that his expected patron, his rising sun, was removed from this world, and that he could annoy the duke, whom he detested, by such denial.

The duke sighed, as he read the letter, and returned it into his daughter's hands.

“Wretched human nature!” cried he. “I mourn my follies, my injustice—it was nothing less—from my heart; but when one comes to predetermined villainy like that, one shudders to have associated with such men. He, such

as he is, might be gained, of course, were it an object, but even his truth is more likely to be suspected than not, before a magistrate: and my object is to get at the real fact, not simply to obtain a certain statement. Oh! here is Sir Frederic: has he seen that letter?"

"Yes, papa, it was one of the things that made him so earnest to speak to you, when I perhaps did not give to it its due weight. Was it not?" added she, turning with an affectionate smile to her betrothed—for so they loved to call each other, in whispers heard by none but themselves on earth.

Christabelle's wan countenance was lighted up with her unusually brilliant eyes and hectic flush, which came as Sir Frederic, tenderly but respectfully hung over her; and, while he simply answered "yes" to her question, seemed more intent upon her precarious health than upon any other subject.

"You or I, or perhaps both, must go to London, I see," said the duke.

"Oh no, papa, pray!" exclaimed Christabelle.

Struck by her sudden earnestness, Sir Frederic and the duke looked at her, and found that she had fainted. They immediately called

Mrs. Murray, who desired them to leave the room, which they did in the greatest anxiety.

In a quarter of an hour, they were recalled from the sitting-room, which was close at hand, by the maid, who said that her lady desired to see them—only to see them, she said. Mrs. Murray met them at the door, and said, “This has been too much for her; she will not speak, neither do you; she is content to see you—her faintness is gone, it is nothing in itself, but I fear her weakness, lest it lead to an increase of the cough.”

The orders of a sick-room are absolute, so the two afflicted friends returned gently to the sofa, hardly restraining their emotion; their looks met those of the poor sufferer, and those looks spoke a language but too mournfully eloquent.

“You see, Sir Frederic, how it is.” The duke’s utterance was half choked. Sir Frederic fortunately returned at once to the subject that had previously occupied them, and said—

“I will run up to town—see the necessary persons, and return here. As I am not a principal in the inquiry you wish to make, I can get my part over within a short and certain time; but if it be necessary for yourself to go

up, your stay may be inde may be longer, I mean."

"Nothing shall make me absent myself from my dear, my only child, a moment longer than the bare necessities of the case require. But on all accounts it is better that you precede me, both to procure the preliminary information, and because, as you say, you can engage to be back within two or three days; at least I hope so. We must do nothing till Chrissy is prepared for it."

This being agreed upon, Sir Frederic on receiving, as he usually did every morning, the earliest news of the health of her who was still dearer to him than life, inquired when she would be able to see him. Being admitted, he found her surprisingly recovered from her attack of the day before; and, instead of appearing nervously averse to either her father or Sir Frederic's going to London, she entered upon the subject herself, and only begged both might not leave her at the same time.

"I cannot afford to be left alone, now," said she sadly; "but for a good deed I will never stand in the way."

"Never have you said any thing that so convinced me you were your own dear self again,"

answered Sir Frederic, warmly; and he forthwith explained to her the views her father and himself had taken of the business in hand, and requested her to consent to his going first to London to clear the way for the duke, promising not to be absent longer than three or four days, and to write to her as soon as he knew to which day his stay would extend.

Christabelle sighed, but gave her consent without hesitation. "If you have to call on Mrs. Biron, say all that is kind from me; tell her I think of her future path, and pray for her welfare even in these my latter days. God bless you, and bring you back to me to my heart!"

Sir Frederic, afraid of exciting her to too much emotion, left her when he would gladly have prolonged his stay. But he felt that the best service he could render the duke, was to go and return quickly; it would be so to himself, and he set out with impatience to London.

Arrived in town, he thought it best, as the visit to the lawyer might occupy considerable time, to go there armed with as much preliminary information as he could collect by the way. With this view, he went first to the Turkish and Russian consulates, to inquire for

the names of any Greek priests or popes who might be recognised by them in this country. He was told at the first that there were some certainly, but that they pretended to know nothing about such people there. At the other, he learned that there were four such now in England, but only three in London, but that neither their names, nor ages, nor *signalement* could be given to any one except by formal leave, formally asked from the ambassador. Impatient at this nonsense, and fearing to be told he must write to Petersburg to gain the information he required, while Mavrosceni, if in England, would hear of the inquiry and decamp, he made his bow, and went on to the nearest police-office.

Here, he merely asked of an officer whether a register was kept of accidents, &c.—and learnt that such a book had only been opened of late years ; but that, if any legal or police proceeding had arisen out of any such occurrence, it might with trouble, be traced. The office not being near the river, the man could not give much information to the purpose. He recommended application to the Humane Society's books.

Foiled, or at least disappointed here, as it was now one o'clock, Sir Frederic resolved to pro-

ceed at once to Mrs. Biron's; where, on sending up his name, he received a message to the purport that he would be most welcome, but that if he could come later, at five o'clock, Mrs. Biron would be more entirely at leisure than she could be at an earlier hour.

This on the whole suited him better; so, engaging to return at the appointed time, he drove at once to the solicitors' in Lincoln's Inn.

Arrived at that most dingy of all habitations, a London lawyer's chambers, he was speedily ushered into the private room of Messrs. Hobbs and Winter, to whom he was well known as having conferred with them on a far different occasion—namely, the majority, and the intended marriage of Christabelle with himself.

The urgency of his present mission left no time for painful reflections. He briefly explained that he came on the part of the duke, whose letter he presented, to instruct them, as his agents, to make certain inquiries upon a subject which nearly interested him.

“You know,” said Sir Frederic, “that Captain Brydges—Nicholas Brydges—for whom you were in the habit of paying over certain sums on the duke's account, to his bankers, at

stated periods—" he hesitated "met with an untimely death nearly a year ago?"

"Certainly, Sir," answered Mr. Hobbs, a dry, but sharp little man; "we were duly apprised of the event—the sad event, I mean—by his grace's steward in a letter from Cheyne Place."

"Well," continued Sir Frederic, comparatively happy at having got over the first mention of a fact; all allusion to, or thought of which was usually enough to unnerve him, "you knew, of course, the relation in which that poor young man stood the duke?"

"Of course, Sir, we were aware of his position—his peculiar position—Sir."

"The duke, as you see by his letter, is desirous of establishing that young man's legitimacy——"

"Indeed, Sir!" interposed Mr. Hobbs, with an expression of surprise very unusual to so cautious a practitioner.

"He has lately received some rather obscure information; and, previous to following it up, would be glad if you would collect and arrange what is already known, or can be got at, as to the facts."

"Of course, of course, if his grace will instruct us in what line to move."

"You have, sir, I believe, in your office, some memoranda of the duke's, left here about the time of his departure for the Mediterranean, or his return—I don't know which—about the time of his second marriage.

"Second marriage?" said Mr. Winter, who had previously said nothing.

"I understand, Mr. Winter," said Mr. Hobbs, anxious to keep the talk to himself; "I will look into it, Sir Frederic, if you will call to-morrow morning."

"I had better, first, state to you all, or rather the little, I have done, before coming to you."

"You are surprised at my speaking of a second marriage, but there was a first, between the duke and an Italian lady—mother, unfortunate mother, of an unfortunate son. In a word, it is the duke's wish to establish, if possible, the legality of that first marriage."

"Is the duke not aware of the necessary consequences, most serious to his late duchess, and to her children, who must thereby be bastardized?"

Sir Frederic nearly fainted at the hard-

souled lawyer's expressions. They handed him a glass of water, and begged him to sit near the open window, till he recovered himself.

After a mental prayer for a degree of patience beyond even his naturally abundant share of that quality, he proceeded:—

“We hope to avoid that. You are not perhaps aware, that poor Brydges was discovered to be the duke's son, by the confession of a wicked servant on his death-bed, and that his mother was the unfortunate foreigner who threw herself—and Nicholas, her child—from London bridge, the morning of the duke's marriage with his second bride. Providence led them, on the way to their embarkation, by the bank-side, where the body was just dragged up; the duchess, angel as she was, insisted on educating the child, who was taken abroad with them, neither, knowing then who either the parent or the child were. The servant saw the body, and years after, conscience-smitten, made the deposition which I now hand to you.”

Here Sir Frederic produced the original affidavit of Luigi, which Mr. Hobbs read aloud, asking from time to time for some elucidation of the particulars.

“This is a step—one step—to be sure,” said

Mr. Hobbs to his partner. "But what were the circumstances of the first marriage?"

"It was celebrated by a Greek priest on board an English ship—the duke's own yacht: and there are doubts whether the priest, Mavrosceni by name, and an indifferent character, was really a priest or not."

"The duke's yacht was not a ship of the royal navy, and the priest not a priest of the Church of England. I fear that will not stand. But why move the question at all?"

"The duke will go to any expense to prove, or even to learn the truth; the law must come after."

"Winter, will you look for that memorandum in the duke's box—the old box, you know."

"The room was so full of old and new tin boxes with various labels, mixed with blue and green bags, and other lawyers' paraphernalia, that Sir Frederic said at once he could not wait for a search, and therefore briefly informed Mr. Hobbs that he had traces of the priest, and was in hopes of getting more—and would call on them next day. Meanwhile, Mr. Winter, as junior, was deputed to make inquiries at the Thames police, the nearest parish workhouse

to it, and any other probable places of intelligence. He was to try the foreign consulates again, and, should all fail, to advertise in the newspapers for information respecting *Mavroseni*.

Sir Frederic took his hat, and went with all speed to Mrs. Biron's, his mind partly satisfied, inasmuch as that he had done all that could be done in so short a time, but disappointed that he had made no positive discovery, however small. His heart was torn by contending emotions; in the first place, earnestly desiring to serve the duke, but divided between the fear of extracting at last some fact which would cast a slur, however unmerited, upon the late amiable duchess and his own beloved *Christabelle*, and the desire to make the only reparation in his power to the memory of the ill-fated youth who had perished by his means, and to aid the duke in his righteous, but now useless wish, to do the same by that boy's unhappy mother.

Fortunately, he arrived in Great Cumberland Street in so short a time, that his thoughts were checked by the necessity of turning to the more urgent object of his inquiry. He found Mrs. Biron at home, her husband out at the club or the betting-room, and was immediately shown

up-stairs. Their meeting, as might be supposed, from the recollection of the circumstances under which they had last parted, was not without some demonstration of feeling, unrestrained on her part, who burst into renewed expressions of gratitude to Sir Frederic and to her best friend Christabelle, and received with kindness and consideration on his.

He told her the errand on which he was come, and added, by Christabelle's desire, that she hoped Teresa would try to contribute to their stock of information, for the sake of their dear Nicholas, as the only thing connected with his memory that could be done on her part; she was too weak to write herself.

Mrs. Biron heard the news of her true friend's declining health with real sorrow, and said, that she could hardly recall anything relating to Mavrosceni beyond what she had stated in her letters to Christabelle: the only thing was, that he had said he had a friend, a priest, probably no better than himself, named Dimitri, in one of the consular chapels; he might be found out, and tempted to say what he knew. "But let not the duke meet Mavrosceni—that wretch is capable of any mischief."

It was now late, and Sir Frederic retired to

write an account of his day's work to the duke. He also despatched a note to Mr. Hobbs, to tell him to inquire for papa Dimitri at any consulate where Greeks were known. In the answer, which reached him the same evening, Hobbs and Winter requested him not to call at their office before one o'clock next day, no cause or reason being assigned, which rather perplexed him.

Sir Frederic passed the morning in inquiring, among the oldest watermen on the river, whether the accident itself was remembered. He found but two old men who had heard of it, but who knew not the year nor the day, much less the hour, that it had happened. Not wishing to interfere with the lawyer's more systematic researches, he did not try any public offices; at last, he took refuge in St. Paul's till the clock struck twelve—when, an hour before his time, he went impatiently to Lincoln's Inn, where he paced the square till one o'clock, at which hour precisely he saw two men enter the chamber of Hobbs and Winter. He followed, and was immediately shown into the private room, where he found Mr. Hobbs alone.

"Pray, be seated, Sir Frederic," said the lawyer; "Mr. Winter will be here directly. He

is a good ferret, is Winter; he has sent home two men already, out of whom we have got something."

Mr. Winter now entered with the two men whom Sir Frederic had observed. One was a sailor, the other seemed just nothing in particular. Mr Winter spoke.

"Sir Frederic, I have lost no time; you may assure the duke of that. His grace knows the diligence of Hobbs and Winter. Here is one waterman out of twenty I have spoken to; all the older ones remember the accident—sad affair, to be sure—they remember it perfectly, but no two agree as to dates; that is, days, hours, minutes. You know we must be precise, Sir Frederic."

"I met with two who had heard of it at the time, but could give no particulars."

"Of no use at all—of no use at all—Sir Frederic, except to prove common fame."

Mr. Hobbs now asked who the men were. His partner, who would hardly let them speak—and perhaps judiciously—answered for them.

"I found at last this honest tar, who maintains that he saw the accident, and that he has often talked it over with his comrades; further, that an ancient messmate of his, a certain

Johnson, before he sailed for New Zealand some years ago, met him at Portsmouth or Southampton, and told the whole story over again, which fixed it in his memory. Now, what made him tell it again?"

"Because, sir, it was luck to him anyhow: it got him a fine place. He went dry-nurse to the boy—a fine boy as ever was see'd; and then he was going with his good woman to New Zealand, with some of the family; noble folks, he said, they were; and they'd bought an estate, or a mission, or somewhat, out there."

"And you, sir," said Mr. Winter, turning to the other man; "you professed to know something of the matter."

"Yes, sir; my brother is confidential clerk to the magistrates, and he told me there was a register of every body fished up and brought into the coroner's room—day, hour, and all particulars."

"That is the man for us," said Sir Frederic.

Mr. Winter took the two men apart, and whispered with them for a minute or two, after which they made low bows, and moved to depart.

Mr. Hobbs, then addressing himself to Sir Frederic, said, "You see, sir, how the case

stands. In my opinion, the duke must come up himself; and by the day after to-morrow, we shall be able to lay before his grace all such information as can be of any use to him. We need not, therefore, detain you any longer than to read this memorandum of the duke's, of rather old date."

It was merely a private note of the duke's to his lawyer, acknowledging the claim Nicholas had upon him for maintenance and provision, and ordering a certain payment, not large, for him to his bankers, written soon after Luigi's confession. The payment had been subsequently increased. The paper, though dated, mentioned nothing of the date of the rescue of Nicholas from the river.

"Good as far it goes, but only for identification," said Mr. Hobbs. "This evening and to-morrow we shall look after the priest, who, we have found, is well known to the Greek and other Levant merchants and druggists in the docks; and the next day we hope for the honour of his grace's attendance."

Sir Frederic left town the same evening, and, travelling all night, arrived at Cheyne early the next day.

His arrival so much sooner than was ex-

pected, restored a slight degree of animation to poor Christabelle; but her heart felt more than her feeble frame could express, when she heard the clue he had obtained to the success of his researches. The duke, who had been desponding ever since Sir Frederic's departure, thought so much more of his intelligence than in fact it deserved, that he was with difficulty restrained from setting out for London the same night. He praised his agents' activity as well as tact, and, impatient for the result, left Cheyne the next morning.

Messrs. Hobbs and Winter, in the meantime, had not been idle. Wondering, as they did, that the family revived the discussion at all, they nevertheless acted up to their instructions, and supposed that, perhaps, the duke, after collecting all possible or procurable evidence, would end by satisfying himself, and the world, if necessary, that there was no such thing as a prior legal marriage: proof of which, if brought forward by any interested person hostile to the family, with such a tool as Mavrosceni, might be, at least, awkward to the issue of the second marriage.

The duke arrived in Grosvenor Square after a rapid journey, and sent a note to Mr. Hobbs

desiring to see him the next day, being too much fatigued to go to Lincoln's Inn, which he would otherwise willingly have done.

Mr. Hobbs came as appointed. Mr. Winter was gone to the consulates, and would join him, if possible, at the duke's house.

After much preliminary talk, the lawyer produced a minute of what had passed up to the time of Sir Frederic's leaving town, and began a lengthy statement of what he and his partner had done on the intervening day.

"My lord duke, your grace will see that Mr. Winter and myself have hitherto accomplished more than we could have thought possible in so short a time. Here (drawing a bundle of papers from a blue bag) is the documentary evidence as far as we have hitherto been able to collect it.

"First, your grace's own memorandum as to the person and identity of the late Captain Nicholas Brydges of the Life Guards.

"Second, the deposition of Jacob Styles, able seaman, former shipmate of Johnson, (whose evidence, if we had it, would be most valuable as actual preserver of the boy,) now unluckily in parts beyond sea, as to his memory and knowledge of the accident your grace wishes to authenticate.

“Third, copy of the entry in the books of the Thames police-office; year and day”

“What hour?” interrupted the duke hastily.

“‘The body of a female, drowned in the river Thames,’ (acknowledged, my lord duke, to be the same we are in quest of,) ‘was brought into this office,’ let me see, no hour, but page marked ‘Forenoon,’ on such a day.’”

“That will not do!” exclaimed the duke almost in despair.

“Fourth, copy of entry in the parish books, ‘On such a day, a child brought in, saved from the river, by one Johnson; ordered to the workhouse; mother drowned; name unknown. Hour, half-past eleven, a.m.’”

The duke sighed deeply.

“Fifth memorandum—lucky it was forthcoming—from the workhouse: ‘A child, male, brought in, mother drowned; immediately taken away by a charitable lady to ease the parish. Not entered on the books.’”

“Sixth—Depositions of Zacharia, Alexis, and Spiridion Argyropolo, rhubarb merchants, Greeks of Smyrna, always believed papa Mavrosцени to be a true papa; have seen him officiate in the Greek church, and also buy and sell Turkish tobacco. . . .”

“Nothing to the purpose, Mr. Hobbs.”

“Seventh—No, there is no seventh; that is to be filled up by some of Mr. Winter’s expected evidence. Ah, here he is! You are wanted, Winter.”

Mr. Winter entered with a blue bag in his hand, and turning to the duke, (though not without a look of triumph towards his partner,) made a very low bow. “Your grace will see that we have not been idle.”

“Mr. Hobbs, may I ask how far you are in your explanations?”

“I am at the documentary evidence already, Mr. Winter—paper, No. seven.”

“Which I was expected to fill up, I believe? Well, I have now got something that will serve the purpose, I guess.”

The duke looked with feverish anxiety at the lawyers, the table covered with papers, but said nothing.

“Proceed, Mr. Winter, I beg,” said the senior partner, condescendingly.

“I have been to the Turkish, the Greek, and the Russian consulates, and have here in my hand their several certificates, that they know papa Mavroszeni, believe him to be a priest in orders, and acknowledge him for such: say

nothing, or had rather not, unless called on, speak as to character—that does not concern us, you know—but none know where to find him. When wanted, he is always out of the way.”

“A loose character, Mr. Winter.”

“Therefore, I went to the Russian embassy—liking always to go to the fountain-head for my authority. I asked to see priest Dimitri. He was at the Greek chapel, or near it, where he lives. I posted thither, luckily found him, a sharp fellow, a lawyer in his own country, I have no doubt—with some trouble I got out of him that papa Mavrosceni was near London, but not in it, ‘What did I want with him?’ Something to his advantage. ‘Then he will be here to-night if I tell him to come.’ Tell him a sum of money awaits him at Messrs. Hobbs and Winter’s, Lincoln’s Inn. ‘He will be with you to-morrow at ten o’clock.’ He must mention this to nobody, to no lawyer especially. ‘Good, let it be so. He comes to serve in our chapel to-morrow, as it is a saint’s day, and we want hands, though they do a little in the way of business sometimes,’ added his reverence with a chuckle, which ill became his black fur cap and long venerable beard.”

“Excellent, Mr. Winter; we need not produce him unless the duke pleases. But here is evidence of his orders, if he officiates in the ambassador’s chapel.”

“You have performed your part most skillfully, sir,” said the duke, greatly relieved. “Now, here is my original certificate, if such it be, of my ill-starred marriage with that unhappy woman, Veronica Lanzi, signed by Mavrosceni, a priest of the orthodox Catholic Greek church. Add that to the papers.”

“That will be No. eight,” said Mr. Hobbs—Mr. Winter’s statement having to be inserted as No. seven.”

A servant now entered, saying, that a waterman waited in the hall, having been ordered to attend by Messrs. Hobbs and Winter.

“Bring him up,” said the duke. “Mr. Hobbs, you know his business, of course.”

“Have you done your errand, Styles?” said Mr. Hobbs.

“Please your worship—”

“I am not a justice, though I am a lawyer; you seem used to the bench,” said Mr. Hobbs, smiling.

“Well, sir, I went as you told me to the magistrate’s consequential clerk—”

“Confidential clerk, you fellow!” said Winter, highly amused.

“I mean Mr. Watkins, because his brother, who was with me t’other day, could not go himself, and said your honour did want to speak to him, and so he said as how he would come to-morrow.”

“Very well, Styles. As he is not come, nor his brother, you need not wait. For the next week, remember you are to be forthcoming if called upon.”

“I will be ready—thank your honour.”

When the man was gone, the duke had some conversation with the two lawyers, who partook of some luncheon, and communicated to the duke, that this Mavrosceni was so well known both as priest and pedlar, that they could double the number of affidavits on his score, if necessary. On taking leave, it was settled that the conference should be resumed next day at noon.

The hour came, the parties were assembled, the business began. The duke appeared nervous and unwell; the stretch of expectation, which had kept him up during the last few days, had begun to flag, and symptoms of gout made him fear that his health would not hold

out sufficiently to enable him to prosecute the inquiry to the end.

Mr. Hobbs, more self-important than ever, appeared, followed by the solemn Mr. Winter, bearing a portentous blue bag, which he placed on the table. Styles and another person were in the ante-room.

The duke opened the subject, by requesting Mr. Hobbs to proceed at once to any new evidence, or fresh observations he might have to make, without losing time in going over the case again. The duke knew his man: Mr. Hobbs, who had prepared a lucid but lengthy recapitulation, was disappointed of his intended display, but obeyed orders.

“Your grace knows perfectly well how the case stands: as well as myself, or my friend, Mr. Winter, here. We are in a position to prove,—

“First, that a marriage did take place in such a year, on board the yacht *Ariel*, on the high seas, between A. B. and C. D.; Second, that the celebrating clerk was a lawful priest of the orthodox Catholic Greek Church; Third, that a certain female was drowned in the Thames, on a certain day, in a certain year, before a certain hour in that day in the fore-

noon; Fourth, that a certain man-child, acknowledged to be hers and his, that is to say, of the said A. B. and C. D., was saved on the same day, of the same year, before the same hour in the forenoon, as heretofore mentioned; Fifth, that said man-child is, or was the same known by the name of Captain Nicholas Brydges, late deceased;”

And then, lowering his voice, and addressing himself more particularly to the duke (the former part of his harangue having been to the public, or rather the walls), he added,—

“And what we want to prove is, that the death of C. D. did actually take place, and had taken place, on that certain day, at some certain hour in the forenoon, earlier than the hour of ten of the clock, and fifteen minutes, at which time, and not before, the said A. B. was espoused by a presumed second lawful marriage to E. F., in the parish church of St. George, Westminster.

“Further, the conclusion we hope to establish, to your grace’s satisfaction, and that of the law, and of all parties concerned, or any way interested in the result, is,—

“First, the legality of the first marriage;

“Second, the certainty of the death of C. D.;

“ Third, the early hour of that death ;

“ Fourth, the later hour of the second marriage ;

“ Fifth, the legitimacy of the issue of both ;

“ The first and third being our weak points.”

The latter words were said in an audible whisper. The duke writhed ; Mr. Hobbs, turning to his partner, said, “ Now, Mr. Winter.” Mr. Winter drew up some papers, and began,—

“ My lord duke, I hold in my hand a certificate, received this morning, from Papa Dimitri, to the effect that a certain Mavrosceni is a true papas or pope or priest of the orthodox Catholic Greek Church, and as such is admitted to officiate, and has officiated in the Greek chapels in London and elsewhere, under protection of the Russian Imperial Missions, in divers countries. Signed, legalized, and stamped by the Russian Imperial Chancellerie in London, under date of this morning.”

“ I praise your diligence most highly, Mr. Winter,” said the duke, “ and thank you sincerely.”

Mr. Winter bowed his gratitude.

“ Next comes your grace’s own declaration or affidavit, with the original certificate of Priest

Mavrosceni, and your memorandum in favour of the late Captain Nicholas Brydges.

“Then the dying declaration of a certain Luigi—the deposition of the waterman Styles—it is a pity Johnson is not at hand——”

“But his act in saving the boy was matter of notoriety, and spoken of in the family, and on the river, for years after, I understand,” said Mr. Hobbs.

“Well, all this can be sworn to, I suppose,” said Mr. Winter. “I have next the certified copies of entries from the parish and other books which your grace saw yesterday, good as far as they go, as to facts, and for our purpose, but we cannot get to any thing before half-past eleven—Mr. Hobbs you hold the entry of his grace’s marriage at St. George’s—let me see, married at ten o’clock in the forenoon, date so and so—His grace the Duke, &c. &c., to Cornelia Lovel—ah! now the ring will have been passed between the betrothed parties, that is to say the matrimonial contract in the eye of the law is completed, or was in the present case so completed at fifteen minutes past ten of the clock more or less on said day, in the forenoon, and we cannot bring back the presumed death by drowning of the female Veronica Lanzi to

an earlier hour than half-past eleven, so that the consequence, unless we get fresh evidence to prove otherwise, is—Mr. Hobbs—will be—Mr. Hobbs”—Here Mr. Winter hummed and hawed, and could not get on—“ what, Mr. Hobbs? you know——”

“ Bigamy——” whispered Mr. Hobbs, rather too audibly; for the duke, who had been looking wretched during all these technicalities, every other word of which was a dagger to him, at this moment actually fainted, and fell back in his arm-chair.

Mr. Winter, dropping his papers, ran to the bell, and summoned the duke’s valet, who with the aid of some restorative succeeded in recovering his master.

“ Shall we proceed?” said Mr. Winter to Mr. Hobbs.

“ Yes, yes!” interposed the duke. “ I must go on, even to the end; but these are hard trials.”

“ Is not Mr. Watkins, clerk to the magistrates, here?” said Mr. Hobbs.

“ Yes;” replied Mr. Winter. “ He declined giving me any certified copy, but expressed his willingness to make a statement, if called upon, and as yet I know not what it will be.”

“ Call him in,” said his partner. Mr. Wat-

kins came in, and, declining to take a chair to which the duke invited him, went at once to the table where the lawyers were standing, and said, addressing himself to Mr. Hobbs—

“I am sorry, Sir, that I could not, consistently with official regulations, give you a certified copy of what you desired Mr. Winter to ask me for; but I am willing to depose to whatever information I can give to the purpose.”

His appearance and manner were so gentlemanlike, and made so favourable an impression on the duke, that the latter seemed to revive from the depression into which the lengthy formalities of the two solicitors had thrown him. The duke wheeled his easy-chair nearer to the table, and listened with the utmost attention.

“Are you prepared to state what you are going to state, Mr. Watkins, upon your own knowledge, upon the knowledge of others, or upon documentary evidence, or upon all three?” asked Mr. Hobbs, in his driest and most consequential manner.

Mr. Winter took up a pen, and pretended to mend it.

“I certainly do not remember the event myself, Sir,” replied Mr. Watkins; “but I have full access to the coroner’s books, and I am in

a position to state positively what I saw there recorded, although not allowed to take a copy."

"What was it, Sir?" asked the duke, eagerly.

"The entry states, that the body of a female was brought into court, that is, before the coroner's inquest, at twelve o'clock precisely——"

"My God! it is too late——"

"To save the second marriage, his grace means," whispered Mr. Hobbs.

"Stay, my lord; the entry continues to state the verdict, that a female, apparently a foreigner, name unknown, was brought in as above stated, having been sought for at least three hours below bridge; she having been seen to cast herself therefrom before St. Paul's clock struck nine a. m.—child saved."

"God in his mercy be praised!" cried the duke; "he has made you, Sir, the means of doing justice to two virtuous and irreproachable women, whom I . . . my negligence . . ." the duke could say no more: the silent tears trickled down his aged and generally grave features, his expression changed as if from age to youth, the load of years was removed from his mind, though the sting upon his conscience was incurable.

Mr. Watkins, who did not view the scene unmoved, now took his leave after receiving the warmest thanks of the duke; the lawyers stated, that they considered the inquiry terminated, and promised to draw up a full and complete statement, with all legal proofs and affidavits duly sworn, as soon as possible.

Mr. Hobbs then asked the duke if he had any further commands, in particular as to any ulterior proceedings at law. "At any rate, your grace will take counsel's opinion."

"As you recommend, Mr. Hobbs; but in the present forlorn state of my family, it matters little. Nothing of material interest is at stake upon it; but one motive alone urged me to the investigation—and it is over."

"What motive, my lord?" asked both the lawyers in a breath.

"Conscience," replied the duke, sternly. There was a dead silence.

The lawyers withdrew.

CHAPTER XI.

“Piacemi il sonno e più l’esser di sasso
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura,
Non veder, non sentire e gran ventura,
Però non mi svegliar, deh parla basso.”

M. ANGELO BUONARROTI.

“Upon those pallid lips
So sweet even in their silence, on those eyes
That image sleep in death, upon that form
Yet safe from the worm’s outrage, let no tear
Be shed—not even in thought—nor when those hues
Are gone, and those divinest lineaments,
Worn by the senseless wind, shall live alone
In the frail pauses of this simple strain,
Let not high verse, mourning the memory
Of that which is no more, or painting’s woe,
Or sculpture, speak in feeble imagery
Their own cold powers. Art and eloquence,
And all the shows o’ the world are vain,
To weep a loss that turns their light to shade.
It is a woe “too deep for tears,” when all
Is reft at once, when some surpassing spirit,
Whose light adorn’d the world around it, leaves
Those who remains behind; nor sobs nor groans,
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope;
But pale despair and cold tranquillity!”

SHELLEY.

THE last business which he had at heart in this world being now over, the duke returned in all haste to his beloved daughter at Cheyne.

He was met at the park gate by Sir Frederic Perceval, whose melancholy looks told but too truly the decline that had taken place in the health of Christabelle, even during the short absence of her father in London. Sir Frederic got into the carriage with the duke, and silently pressed his hand. After a minute he said—"Christabelle will be so glad of your return—she is tranquil now—that is all I can say. She has spoken to me a great deal in short sentences—precious words—words that speak volumes to me of the piety of that holy mind. If not hurried, she speaks calmly and clearly; but if she would mention her father, her sisters, or any of the very dear to her, her heart throbs stronger, and she coughs, alas! violently.

"I will take care, then, and speak to her without questions, and tell her all I know she wishes to hear, so as to call for the least possible reply."

"She read your note of last night early in the day—it is now near evening; she is thus prepared for your coming, and knows, and has thanked God for your success."

"We will send the carriage round, and enter the house without noise: you, Sir Frederic, shall go first, and I will follow you immediately.

What a relief to have escaped from those hard lawyers!"

They had now arrived near the house, when alighting, and sending the carriage and servants to the back entrance, they went straight up to the corridor, into which Christabelle's apartments opened. Sir Frederic entered first, as agreed upon, and walking up to the sofa on which the poor invalid was lying, said, in as cheerful a tone as he could command—"Your father is come, dear Christabelle; do not move—he is here,"—and the duke was at the same moment by her side.

The dim light of a shaded lamp, so placed as not to fall upon her eyes, together with the dull gleam of a fire purposely kept very low, gave a sad and gloomy character to the sick chamber. It, however, prevented the ravages of disease from being so visible to her father as they otherwise would have been, and at the same time gave the idea that everything was in the same state as before, because the duke found all external appliances just as he had left them. But the illusion did not last long. "Dear father!"—was all the poor sufferer had strength to utter. She essayed not to move—the hollow tone of her voice fell upon her

father's ear like a death-knell—he leant over her, and kissed her in silence.

“I am so glad you are come.”

“My dearest child, I have been lucky beyond my expectations; I have succeeded in every point, the lawyers tell me. I will not trouble you with details. You know what I have had at heart, and the great difficulties in the way of it.”

“I have thanked God for it.”

“How much more must not I do so? I have ordered my lawyers to draw up a formal and authoritative document, in which every circumstance will be explained, and accompanied by proofs; a fair white monument, a cenotaph, alas! will be immediately erected to my first wife and her son, your brother, Chrissy, with a full and proper inscription, as a tardy justice done to them; no empty, idle composition, but such as the circumstances of the whole case imperatively require.”

“I am so glad, papa!”

“For years I have never felt so—” happy, he would have said; but his eye rested on the death-like form of his daughter stretched upon her couch, and the word refused to lend itself to his utterance.

“Now we are all one family, indeed.”

“Yes, my dear, and in my heart you have always been so. I had a feeling that it must be so, but that it was to be a visitation upon me that I never should be able to prove it to the world in my lifetime—that sorrow has been spared me, not in justice to my deserts, God knows, but in merciful compensation to the innocent for their wrongs.”

The duke now rose to depart, but with nervous eagerness Christabelle said, “Do not leave me, papa!” and a slight cough shook her frame, but was instantly suppressed.

“No, my dear—” he sat down. “I was thinking—send my servant up, will you, Sir Frederic—” he paused, and at that moment Mrs. Murray entered the room with something for Christabelle to take.

“I had better leave you for a few minutes, perhaps, dearest; I found the windows of my room, which want repair, let in the damp before I went to town—I have only just thought that I will take possession of the nearest vacant bed-room to yours on this passage—”

“Oh, so nice—so nice!”

“And I shall be able to visit my dear child at any hour.”

“Dear papa, then you will never leave me again?”

“Never!” said the duke, knowing perfectly well the sad earnestness of his daughter’s manner was but the presage of the last calamity that awaited him, and which he in vain endeavoured to banish from his thoughts.

The next day Christabelle was not worse, and her father was able to have some interesting conversation with her. Either he or Sir Frederic were ever with her or near her, unless when Mrs. Murray (who took upon herself, with the tacit consent of all parties, the supreme direction of Christabelle’s room) desired to be with her alone. When disinclined to speak—reading she had almost given up—she could listen to her aged friend’s well-known voice as she read, though much abridged, the daily prayers or psalms, or select passages of the Bible. But sermons or reasoning—anything that required fresh tension of the mind or application of the faculties—she could not attend to, without fatigue and lassitude of spirit. She now reaped the inestimable benefit of that early education which had so thoroughly imbued her with the principles as well as the knowledge of her religion—that a word, a text,

a quotation, sufficed to bring before her mind the arguments and conclusions studied and arrived at in days of health and strength, and which proved a treasure which neither moth nor rust could corrupt in the time of her weakness.

Mr. Edmund Gray, her early friend, who, as a youth, had often partaken of the same instruction, (when his worthy father, now long resting in peace, had given Scripture lessons to the children of Cheyne, in common with his own family,) was now frequently admitted to read and pray with her. She gladly listened to the prayers for the sick, which, for some time, she had had daily read to her. She asked Mr. Gray, calmly but decidedly, to have the prayers of the church offered for her in the congregation, so long as it should please God to keep her in life.

Mr. Gray hesitated—Christabelle repeated her request: she said that, unable to be present, she would, if conscious, accompany their prayers; that if, as her waning strength told was but too probable, she should be reduced so low as to be incapable even of that, it was only what the church required, and what she must foresee. Her fortitude seemed to increase with her danger.

No undue confidence, however, escaped her lips ; her few words were always expressive of hope, patience, and resignation. On the Sunday on which, by her especial desire, she had been publicly mentioned in the church as desiring the prayers of the congregation, Mr. Gray, when the service was over, was surrounded by all classes of the parishioners, who knew that he was in regular attendance on their much-loved lady, to inquire what hopes he entertained of her recovery. They had been roused by the prayer unexpectedly put up for her, and now at last began to fear the loss of a kind and watchful mistress. It was with difficulty Mr. Gray could repress his emotion when he told them that, for himself, he had little hope of Christabelle's recovery, or even of her surviving many weeks ; but he assured them that her heart was ever the same—the same in devotion to her God and pious resignation to his decrees—the same in affection and forethought for her friends, as she constantly called them, of Cheyne.

Quickly passing from the mournful crowd, he hurried towards Cheyne House, whither he had promised to repair as soon as possible after his clerical duties were ended.

He was admitted readily to the sitting-room,

where he found the duke and Sir Frederic; but neither Mrs. Murray, nor her whom all eyes sought for, were there.

The circumstance struck him with dismay; and, on inquiring what was the cause, he learned that Christabelle's increasing weakness had manifested itself so much more decidedly that morning, that Mrs. Murray had not ventured to remove her from her bed. In a few minutes, Mrs. Murray appeared, and desired that they would enter her chamber softly, and separately. Mr. Gray considerably chose to remain where he was till those most nearly connected with her had paid their sad visit to her bedside.

After a short interval Mrs. Murray re-appeared to summon him, at her sinking child's earnest desire, to come and administer the sacrament to her, and to those chosen few assembled round her couch. He had come prepared for this, and stepped forward to begin the service.

A small table which always stood by the side of the bed, or sofa, or whatever resting-place she had chosen during her illness—for long decline is very restless, and her *bed* or resting-place had been often changed—and which upon its

sober grey cloth always bore a large family Bible, was now placed in front with a cushion, stools were placed all round—Annette stood far off, wishing, perhaps believing, in the giddy forgetfulness that dims the senses in moments of great trial, that she was not seen; her ear quick to catch any sound that might call her to her lady's service, but her eyes too full of tears, and too often buried in her handkerchief, to see what was passing. Mrs. Murray seemed braced up with more than natural power; she knew that any weakness on her part would destroy, or at the least disturb, that angelic peace which is in the latter hours of life a direct blessing from Heaven. Her aged hand trembled, her voice faltered, but her duty was to be useful even to the last, and she fulfilled it.

The last communion of the sick is the most awful of all the church's offices. None but the hardest mind can turn aside from that scene and words unmoved. Mr. Gray began, and read steadily and purposely, without any but the most natural tone and emphasis, for fear of working too strongly on the feelings of his hearers. The holy bread, the cup, were given to the parting soul, and afterwards all partook,

happy in one thing—in the fellowship of loving hearts, and the privilege of partaking of it with that blessed spirit.

Christabelle in appearance was not altered from the day before, but lay more inanimate. The service over, Mr. Gray went softly up to her, and in a low whisper asked if she had aught to say to him. She scarcely moved her lips as she pronounced the words in a faint but audible voice—

“My heart is fixed, O God! my heart is fixed!”

He knelt by her side in prayer—the mute eloquence of her eyes showed that her inward soul joined in it. Her father and Sir Frederic approached her severally, with a feeling of awe and respect, as if already a superior being, and, as the last tribute of love and affection, imprinted a kiss upon her forehead—the last in this world.

Dr. M'Leod, who had come down to attend her, was witness to this touching scene—he motioned to all but Mrs. Murray that they had now better withdraw. On perceiving the duke's extreme reluctance, he told them that this weakness, though great, was attended by no immediate danger, provided excitement were

avoided: an argument which, of course, prevailed.

That evening she dozed, and even slept some hours in the night, and towards morning Mrs. Murray, by the doctor's persuasion, was induced to take the repose necessary for her.

The next day she rallied a little from the extreme debility she had previously exhibited—she began to talk—her eyes were brilliant, a very faint hectic colour re-appeared, and she earnestly asked to see her father. Dr. M'Leod went to call him, and of course Sir Frederic, and at the same time to give them his opinion of her state. He shook his head, and said, "She is momentarily herself again—but it is all fever; it cannot last; she may be even less herself in consequence of it. Come, hear her words while it is yet time." The good man knew the pain he inflicted—but it was necessary.

They hurried to the bedside, where all was in order, as on the previous day. Christabelle had been raised up by pillows, and with the abruptness of one who cannot think connectedly—

"Father," said she; "dear father, I have seen—oh—I have seen my mother—that sweet

spirit in glory, that spotless Una—that loving, that warmest of hearts, Ianthe—I saw all these in glory: glorious, but humble, seeing, knowing all things.

“And they said, Come. They said all of them, in sweet tones of Heaven—Come, sister, come; and there was a glorious light, and the angels singing—‘COME, SISTER, COME!’”

She sank backwards upon her pillow, exhausted—Dr. M’Leod, who saw that this must not be allowed to continue, begged, entreated them to retire to the sitting-room: Mrs. Murray, with compressed lips, fearful of uttering a word, bathed the poor wandering head with lavender, and took her heated hand, and tried to soothe and calm her fearful agitation. But it could not, did not, return.

From that hour she declined gradually, but slowly; fading, and fading away, like a fair flower which retains to the last, in its drooping form, the grace, the beauty, the fragrance of its early perfection.

The duke, not being present, was spared the painful necessity of witnessing the occasional symptoms of fitful delirium which followed the excited susceptibility of her nerves, alternating with intervals of the heaviest lethargy: both

too sure evidence of approaching decay. He had, in the mean time, frequent conversations with Edmund Gray; who, finding that it did him good, spent much time usefully in his study, answering his questions, leading his thoughts, now naturally disposed to serious subjects, into proper channels; and, above all, listening to the duke's own relation of the events upon which the fate of his family had turned, with regard to which he was at times disposed to be communicative. He could not have found a more trustworthy or attached counsellor, or one more capable of giving him sound advice and consolation, without wounding any sensitive parts of a now self-accusing conscience unnecessarily, than Edmund Gray. His connexion with Cheyne from childhood, and the warm affection with which he had always regarded everything in any way appertaining to it, took off all the embarrassment which the penitent might have experienced in conversing with a stranger on his own situation.

“Sir,” said he to Mr. Gray, “you see, you know, that I have had many troubles; but I would be the last to deny that I have received many blessings at the hand of Providence. My troubles, alas! have been my own; my bless-

ings have been sent to me, unworthy, from above. I will not recount my sufferings; but I am bound to confess that none, not even the loss of wife or child—of wife or children—I may say both”—he sighed heavily—“has weighed upon my soul like the long consciousness I have felt that I was doing injustice to all of them. I have wanted courage—moral courage—that is, virtue.

“Doubtful how an investigation into my first marriage would turn out, and fearful lest the establishment of the first should invalidate the second, I kept, during long years, my thoughts to myself, and did nothing. I could not recall my poor, injured Veronica, but I neglected her child—her, my, only son—and I have lost him! who might have been, with fatherly care, as fine a youth as in his real rank I could have wished to see him. God preserved him—I threw him away!”

The duke was grievously agitated, but Mr. Gray, not interrupting him, he resumed:—

“My angel, Cornelia, into whose arms I may almost say that poor boy was providentially thrown, and who by God’s special grace, I believe, was inspired by charity to be a mother to him, guileless and unsuspecting of conse-

quences, pressed forward like a true Christian in the path of duty without thought of what might follow. Never, even when, near the end of her own short life, she knew the secret of Nicholas's birth, did she reflect on the legal consequences to her and her children if his legitimacy were ever established. She died happy in her ignorance. I knew the necessary consequences, and have never passed an hour of happiness till the proofs of Veronica's catastrophe at an earlier hour than that of my second wedding, by which alone both marriages were legitimized, were laid before me by my lawyers in London the other day. Was not the hand of God in that? Not to spare me, who deserved it not, but to save the honour of that spotless wife, my Cornelia, and her children. And I am returned to find the last of those dear children dying!

“In the mass of culpable error and negligence, and the vile instruments which usually serve them, was it no special providence that directed me to a man whose real ordination as a priest (which was a mere chance with such a character) authenticated the marriage, that it took place on board a British vessel on the high seas, and not, as it might have been, on land,

in a foreign state—was it nothing that the priest and his certificates were obtained when wanted—that the waterman's and magistrates' evidence was forthcoming—that the delay of an hour in my second marriage, angry as it made me at the time, saved, and that at once, both the legal honour of my second wife and family, and the life of the only pledge of my first unfortunate union?

“No, Mr. Gray, I am not so blind as not to see one last, severe trial that is coming—and even now is awaiting me; but I were still blinder not to see that if I have received of my God evil things, I have mercifully received my good things also. I bow my head, I try to be resigned I drink the cup and am thankful.”

There is nothing more deeply and painfully affecting to a clergyman than to witness the consciousness of great moral error in a mind not hitherto much exercised in the contemplation of God's mercies, or in religious reflections in general. It is only when, without compromise, the wounded spirit humbly confesses its sins before God, and accepts the evil, while it praises His mercy for the good—that without long discourses or deep discussions, the clergyman may at once proceed to give sure conso-

lation and hope, if not promise of absolution. The duke seemed exhausted, but his mind much relieved.

Nothing but the absolute and imperious necessity for keeping up his spirits as far as possible, in order to attend upon his daughter, seemed to preserve the duke himself from a dangerous illness. Sir Frederic and Edmund Gray agreed together that it was necessary to consider him in some degree as an invalid, to spare him every trouble in their power, as a small alleviation of the care which they could not diminish, and which they shared in common with him.

Another and another day passed. As positive weakness increases, it often happens that comparative strength becomes more apparent—constitution tells against disease, though it plays but a losing game.

The duke was sitting, musing pensively on the extraordinary vicissitudes to which his two marriages had been successively subjected, and the fate of his family, which, after all those sad vicissitudes, was but too near its extinction, when Sir Frederic, pale and agitated, entered the room. “I am come,” he said, “with no good tidings; Mrs. Murray has just told me

our dear Christabelle is worse—that is, that she is weaker, and desires to see her father; and that she will not—will not—probably ask again.”

This was enough to rouse the agonized parent; without the loss of a moment, he followed Sir Frederic along the corridor, where, at the door of his daughter's room, he met Mrs. Murray, whose face too well indicated the news she had to communicate.

“Be prepared,” she said, and suddenly paused, almost choked with emotion. They all hastily entered the apartment, where they found Christabelle lying on her bed in a state of almost perfect exhaustion. She seemed not to perceive, or at least did not move, at their entrance; but Mrs. Murray whispered something which had the effect of making her open her eyes.

The duke, with more presence of mind than he himself a few hours previous could have ventured to predict, approached the bed, and taking his daughter's hands in his own, and seeing their extreme paleness and their emaciated form, pressed them to his lips, and, unable to articulate, wept aloud.

The father's tears, as they fell rapidly upon

the daughter's hand, seemed, by natural sympathy, to recall something of life to that inanimate frame; a feeble voice was heard, which uttered the word "Father."

"I am here, my child—my dearest, my last beloved! God grant thee eternal bliss; grant thee in Heaven to look down upon thy sorrowing father, and thy husband——"

Sir Frederic, who was then standing behind the bed, vainly endeavouring to repress his grief, stood forward at these words; then approaching the pillow, on which the pallid and sunken cheeks were scarcely seen, knelt down and prayed by her side.

Annette was busily employed in the alternate office of placing warm cloths upon the patient's feet, and ever and anon casting a glance, first at her loved mistress, and then upon Mrs. Murray, to whom, in her present affliction, she seemed more than ordinarily attentive; she seemed, in her affectionate care, to think of, and for both, the aged and the dying.

"Sisters!" once more ejaculated the voice, whose gradually weaker tones announced the slight hold the flesh now retained over the spirit.

“They are with God—they sleep in peace!” returned Sir Frederic.

His voice seemed to work with more effect upon Christabelle than any other—she moved her eyes, now dim, and perhaps scarcely seeing the objects around her, nor the old familiar faces whose presence in these last moments was most dear to her. She saw them not, yet they were present in her heart.

At the sound of that well-known voice, the voice of the best beloved of her soul, her frame gave a slight convulsive shudder; the word “husband” escaped her lips, and her head dropt with a gentle but trembling motion upon the breast of that husband who was hers in God, whose heart and mind alone would have been worthy of her had Heaven allowed their union. Her hands had remained motionless in those of her afflicted parent; while her last breath had softly, silently, fled from its earthly trammels on the breast of her betrothed.

Yes, her soul was at rest—at rest with her mother, sisters, all most dear to her in this life—all whose virtuous spirits she hoped to hold communion with in Heaven.

Her father still held her cold hands, nor could be persuaded to relinquish them. He

seemed not aware of the awful change that had taken place—until, looking up, he saw Annette kneeling at the foot of the bed, and at the same time partly supporting Mrs. Murray, who though also on her knees, was evidently in immediate danger of fainting.

Sir Frederic gently placed his beloved one's head upon her pillow, then with affectionate care withdrawing her hands from her father's, said in a suppressed but distinctly audible voice, "God's will be done—blessed be they that die in His faith and fear!"

Her father suffered himself to be led mechanically to his own apartment, but when there burst into a violent paroxysm of grief. Mrs. Murray was cared for by the kind but heart-broken Annette; and Sir Frederic, having forced himself to attend to the duke's position, retired to mourn alone in his own solitary chamber—where for two whole days he admitted no one, and scarcely took the slightest food.

Edmund Gray it was, who, young and strong, was able to look after all necessary business, and who, full of affectionate gratitude and attachment for the family, devoted himself to their service. Great is such friendship in time

of trouble; Sir Frederic and he were, during the rest of their lives, the warmest and most attached of friends.

Mr. Gray's first care was, to dispose every thing in simple, but fitting order for the funeral. No pomp, no show, no display of any kind was permitted, as utterly out of harmony, both with the character of the lamented angel, whose loss they deplored, and with the temper and feelings of the survivors. This task, which forms a frequent and serious part of a clergyman's duties, was better in his hands than in those either of her afflicted parent or of Sir Frederic.

The last ceremony was, therefore, as private as it could be made; but what is privacy, when the dead are followed spontaneously to the grave by hundreds of sincere, though humble mourners?

The simple tomb of the pure and innocent Christabelle, cut off in the flower of her youth, in the midst of all that this world could bestow, and in the expectation (though blighted) of happiness, such as is mercifully granted to kindred hearts united even on earth, was designed by the hand of her betrothed—by him alone

was it imagined. A cross of spotless white marble, with legend,

“IN TE SPES UNICA.”

marked the spot where Christabelle reposes, close to her beloved mother. To this was added the necessary inscription, without a word of eulogy or praise; but in accordance with her well-known principle, that every thing placed in a church should be observed and understood by the least educated among the peasantry, Sir Frederic placed the words,—

“THY WILL BE DONE, O LORD!”

immediately below the others. At the request of the duke, he also added the names and dates, but nothing else, of the births and deaths of his other two daughters, Ianthe and Una; intended as a pious commemoration of all, as one family, under the shadow of one cross, one Saviour. He would not, however, allow the body of Ianthe to be translated from Cornwall to Cheyne, since that of Una could not accompany it. “No; where God strikes us, there must we lie!” said he. Mr. Gray hailed this as the first true expression of resignation to the calamities

which had befallen him, and by degrees drew the duke's attention to other matters of duty, which became now of urgent necessity.

The will was the principal of these. It was a solemn and melancholy duty that Mr. Gray discharged, when, in the presence of the duke and Sir Frederic, he broke the seals, Sir Frederic and himself being the executors.

It left a large legacy to her brother-in-law, Bernard Clive; a handsome pension for life to Mrs. Murray, to whom she owed, as she confessed with joy, all the good principles that have been her comfort through life, with a kind provision and remembrance to Mrs. Murray's niece, Ellen; an annuity to her faithful Annette; several large donations and funds for future charitable foundations, sketched out with pains and foresight in her own hand-writing, on which Mr. Gray had been partly consulted, and to which he was left trustee; a large legacy to Mr. Gray himself in money; to her father all her personal property not otherwise disposed of.

To Sir Frederic she left every thing (except some trifling *souvenirs*, endeared by early recollections, which were found carefully marked for Mrs. Murray) that had been peculiarly her

own: her dear journal, that first happy occupation of her youth, which more than any thing had formed her mind to reflection and candour, that mirror of her ripening thoughts and consolation of many troubled hours; her portrait, her books, her piano and music, and a lock of her hair, which he wore during the remainder of his life next his heart.

In addition to these legacies and directions by will, throughout which there breathed the kindly spirit of her by whom they were dedicated—a spirit that outlives the tomb; Christabelle had left in her portfolio two deeply-affecting letters, written in her own, then faltering hand, and carefully addressed to “*Bernara Clive,*” and to “*Teresa Biron.*”

In the former, she wrote as to a dear brother whom she had no expectation of seeing again in this world, thanking him for the love and care he had shown to her much-loved sister, of whose absence and far distant home in the wilds of the earth, she could never have thought without pain, had it not been that she knew the force of his love for Una, and the strength of his character and resolution in support of it.

To Teresa Biron she renewed her assurances of the interest and affection she has borne her

up to that moment, left her some small memorial of herself, thanked her for the assistance she gave in the re-establishment of her brother Nicholas's place in the world, as a favour done to herself; and concluded with a dying prayer that she might remain, as she hoped was now the case, firm in religion and virtue, the sole consolations of that hour she felt rapidly approaching.

Sir Frederic retired to Lyle Comyn, where he lived many years in the exercise of all the duties of his station. Literature, the arts, and public usefulness (confined, however, to the immediate field of occupation around him), employed his time in the highest position of a country gentleman. He never married: the recollection of one too dear to be forgotten, was quite sufficient to fill a heart like his as long as life should last. His frequent visits to the duke at Cheyne, became at last the only thing that attached the sorrow-stricken, and now childless, old man to life. Cheyne, now desolate, though not deserted, void of its former life and soul, though still constantly inhabited, was changed to all those that had previously known it in its happier times.

Without Sir Frederic's frequent presence

the duke could not have continued to live there. His spirits, always susceptible to gloomy impressions, did not bear solitude long, unless employed in some necessary or absorbing occupation.

Sir Frederic and the duke ended by living almost constantly together. But the life-blood of the duke was sapped; he never rose from the blow he had sustained; his health declined under frequent fits of gout, beneath which he finally sank: his last hours soothed by the filial attentions and devoted care of Sir Frederic Perceval.

We lay her in the sacred ground,
Beneath the altar stone,
Join'd to her race that sleep around,
Their last and loveliest one.

That altar, where in childhood's days
Her angel-footsteps trod,
And where in later, riper days,
She communed with her God.

The aged and the suffering poor,
True mourners, stand they there,
Oft will they miss her from their door,
Her fond and gentle care:

For well they knew the loving heart
Contain'd in her high place,
In humble joys and griefs took part
With tender soothing grace!

Soft pity for another's woe
Enshrin'd within her breast,
In every act and thought did glow,
Sweet and celestial guest!

We lay her down, and though we weep,
No bitter tears are shed ;
We know in God the righteous sleep,
Blest are the holy dead !

END OF VOLUME THIRD.



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